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PRICE



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR IVEN MACKAY
High Commissioner to India

THERE COMES A TIME

By ANNE VERNON

"IT'S the lady, sir," announced Major Trevor's orderly. Dick Trevor looked up from his desk and frowned. "What lady? I don't know any ladies."

"She made an appointment yesterday, sir," the orderly murmured. "Seems she has come to paint something."

"Suffering cats! I remember. The artist from the 'Weekly Mail'. And female at that. Send her in, Jenkins."

He turned back to his desk and shuffled papers irritably. He was still shuffling them when Nan entered, and for a moment or two he didn't look at her. She waited very composedly. She was a composed person.

When he did finally allow his eyes to rest on her, Dick Trevor was surprised. This girl was not what he had imagined an artist would be. She was dressed in a plain linen frock, and wore no hat. Her face was sunburnt, and her fair hair, drawn back from a wide forehead, had deep golden streaks.

"Er—yes," he said. "You—er—wanted to make some drawings of—"

"Your invasion exercises," Nan said. "The Ministry gave permission for someone to come and do a series of sketches. I understand the exercises begin on Monday. If you'll tell me the best place to go and who will be in charge, I shan't have to trouble you again."

"I'm in charge," Dick said gloomily. He'd been looking forward to this next week, for they were going to try out some of his pet ideas. And now this girl would be around. He had been annoyed when the Ministry had warned him of the scheme. But it was propaganda, they said, and necessary.

"I didn't know they'd send a woman," he said abruptly.

"You have my credentials," Nan said coldly.

"But it seems odd."

"It isn't really," she said quietly. "All my life I've been fascinated by machinery and the men who work it. Factories and workshops were always very much up my street. So in a mechanised war—"

"And you're young, too," he complained.

"Twenty-six," Nan said. She added, "Done well for myself, haven't I?"

"I suppose so."

"All the same—I've earned it." Something in her voice, a brief undertone of bitterness, startled Dick Trevor. For no particular reason he found himself disliking this young woman much less.

He said slowly: "Early success generally has to be paid for in one way or another. Well, we shall be down at Barley Beach on Monday at daybreak. You're staying in the town, I suppose? How will you get out there?"

"How far is it?"

"About five miles."

"I'll get there."

Nan said. "I always do. And don't worry—I shan't be in the way."

And then Dick Trevor forgot all about her. His whole soul was concentrated on the successful performance of the exercises. It wasn't until late on Monday evening, when they were loading the lorries and preparing to go home, that he noticed a knot of men laughing and staring at something which they passed from hand to hand.

Presently he went over to the group.

"Look at this, sir. Got us to the life, hasn't she?"

He stared at the drawing—a harsh, bold piece of work. She'd got the effort of the men who were lifting the gun—their strained backs, tense shoulders, and the concentration of their faces. But there was something else in the drawing as well. Was it pity for the flesh in this battle of flesh against steel? Or cynicism? He couldn't decide.

Then Nan came down from the top of the cliffs and took the drawing out of his hand.

"I hope you've had a good day," she remarked.

"Very fair, thank you. And you?"

"Most interesting."

She slipped the drawing into the back of her sketch-book, and pushed the book into a rucksack



"I couldn't even run away," Nan told herself as she watched Dick.

"And you are young to hold down a job on a big weekly paper," he said slowly. "What did you mean about early success being bought at a price?" she asked abruptly.

"Don't you know?"

She lit a cigarette before she answered. Then she said: "Yes, I know. The price is pretty high, too. I've been painting ever since I left school. I've very nearly starved several times, and I've quarrelled so bitterly with my parents that I never go home any more. I've done all sorts of work I didn't want to do—illustrations, teaching, book-jackets—anything I could get. I've never had any pretty clothes, or any fun, or any leisure. And I ran away three years ago from the only man I ever loved."

"And the other side of the account?" he asked.

"It's there," she said, tapping the portfolio. "You saw it."

"Mastery of your craft," Dick murmured. "Yes. And the only way to achieve it is through brutal single-mindedness of mind and purpose."

"Brutal is the word."

"But—it's worth it?"

Her face was suddenly radiant, and Dick was startled by her momentary beauty.

"Worth it?" she said. "A thousand times!"

"I think so, too. Well—we understand each other, then."

There was a pause, then she asked: "Is that a threat or a warning?"

"Shall we call it a statement of fact?" he said. "You're keen on your job. I'm keen on mine. Neither of us has time for anything else. But I'd like to think we were friends. I'm afraid I wasn't very polite to you at the beginning."

"That doesn't matter. I understood."

"You see," he said clumsily, "I always thought women got in the way."

"It's time you stopped judging every girl by that golden-haired alic of your youth," she said. "There are other types."

"I never believed that until now," Dick said. "I never believed I'd meet a woman who could understand a man putting his job first. But you understand. I suppose because you have a job of your own. And because you are so independent. That's why I trust you."

"You can trust me," she said. "And, anyhow, I'm going back to London to-morrow."

"For good?"

"I don't know. I go where I'm sent."

"We must meet again," Dick said. "We probably will. Good-bye—and many thanks."

She went off rather abruptly, he thought. He had been going to suggest that they should write to each other.

A month later, in a cafe in the town, he suddenly saw her again. She was alone, and she looked tired. "Hello!" he said. "I thought you were in London?"

"I was. I only came down here yesterday. I'm painting A.T.S. now. You've got a nice lot of them here."

"We have. Surprisingly efficient they are, too."

"Women can be. Haven't you admitted it yet?"

He didn't answer that. Instead he said, "You know, I'm awfully glad to see you again. We must get about a bit now the weather's turned warmer. Where are you staying?"

"With a Mrs. Hewlett—a captain's wife. She has three small children and no nurse. Do you know her?"

"Yes. She's a nice woman."

"Very nice and very overworked." "Come and eat with me this evening," he suggested.

They met nearly every evening that week. And they talked, and by Sunday each knew all the important things that had happened to the other.

"It's a drab story, isn't it?" Nan said suddenly. "Work—work—work."

"Put like that I suppose it is," Dick agreed. "But have you ever wanted anything else?"

"Sometimes. Only—when I tried it wasn't a success."

"Same here. You know, you're the only woman friend I've ever had."

"Ever dared to have, perhaps?" she suggested.

"Exactly. But, as I said before, you're exceptionally—Independent."

"I've learned to be," she said a little grimly.

She was suddenly very tired. She had been working hard, and now she was aware of a queer longing to put her head on someone's shoulder and cry. Dick's shoulders were nice and broad, and his eyes were kind. But he'd be horrified if she cried.

"I think," she said, "I'd better go home to bed."

She supposed, the next day, that she ought to have seen it coming. Some part of her mind must have known it for days. But it wasn't until she saw Dick unexpectedly coming out of the post office, frowning over some letters, that she knew she loved him.

"So what?" she said aloud.

There wasn't any answer. There couldn't be. She was his friend and he trusted her and there'd never be any more to it than that. He'd made the situation particularly plain from the start.

"It isn't even as though I could run away," she thought. "I've got to stay here another week to finish these drawings."

Because she couldn't think of any reasonable excuse she went to a cinema with him that night as they'd arranged. She didn't see enough of the film to know in the least what it was about. Afterwards they went to the hotel for coffee.

"Do you know," he asked, as they sat in the lounge, "that you often look queerly remote?"

"Absent-mindedness, I expect."

"I don't think it's that altogether. I think it's the outward and visible sign of your—your integrity of spirit. You possess your own soul."

"It's about all I do possess very often," she laughed.

"You can joke about it, of course. But it's a rare quality. Women cling, as a rule."

"Nonsense. Your early experience—"

Please turn to page 31



He's up there fighting Japanese

and I'll bet he'll lick them, too

Mummy bought a bond in the First Victory Loan. She called it an advance subscription, and she says that's the thing for everyone to do if he wants the war to end in the quickest way. I'm saving National Savings Stamps—the 5/- ones. They're for Mummy to use to buy another Bond when the First Victory Loan opens."



PH-3527



ROOM FOR TWO

By DOROTHY HANDLEY

THE young man with the suitcase loomed up out of the summer dark just as Trudy opened the gate. In the glow from the arc light, she saw his hand just like the one she had. She started to run.

"No, you don't!" the young man yelled, grabbing her by the arm. "I was here first, and I'm no gentleman, lady!"

"Now, he tells me," Trudy said furiously. "Take your hands off me!"

"And let you beat me to the last room in Salt Lake City? Oh, no!"

"What do you want with a room?" Trudy gasped, struggling in his grasp. "Go back to your rathole!"

The porch lamp flashed on and a tall woman with hair curlers peered out at them. "What on earth—"

The young man let Trudy go and leaped up the steps. Just in time she stuck her foot out and he went down in a tangled heap of long arms, legs, and bulging suitcase. She picked up her own suitcase, and stepped over him. "I'm Trudy Warren, and I came to rent the room. Right now!" she added firmly.

"At this time of night?" the woman asked incredulously. "Why, I just put the ad. in this evening."

"I know. I was waiting on the street for the paper."

"So was—"

Two taxis screeched to a stop, and there was the sound of arguing voices. The young man jumped up, took one look, and hastily pushed the landlady inside the house, but Trudy was too quick for him. When he had banged the door she was inside, too.

"Now, look here—" he began, and Trudy looked. She saw a mop of hair, and eyes that were angry—

and tired. And anyone so attractive was bound to be spoiled.

There was a loud pounding on the door and a discord of voices. The bewildered landlady moved toward the door, but the young man stopped her.

"Now, look here," he said again. "I never thought of that." She turned the key in the door. "I declare. Now then, you two, we've got to settle this."

"Why?" the landlady's face lit up. "I never thought of that."

"I turned the key in the door. 'I declare. Now then, you two, we've got to settle this.'"

"It's all settled," Trudy said firmly. "I came up from Southern Utah to work in the small-arms plant. I start in the morning."

"In the morning?" the young man echoed. "I've got to get there in an hour! They're turning my rooming house into apartments and they've turned me out. I've been looking for a week for somewhere else. And this is it." His jaw set firmly.

"Wait a minute," the landlady broke in. "Don't start that again. You say you're on the night shift? And the lady's on days? Well, that's easy. The room has two beds. You could have the room days and she could have it nights!"

"Wha-ah?" Trudy's mouth fell open.

"Why not? And what else are you going to do?"

What else indeed? Trudy's nothing but a search, and she was desperate. Still—If Jeff were only here to tell her what to do. But she hastily put aside all thought of Jeff. It was a very good thing that Doctor Jeffrey Markham was not here.

"Oh, nuts!" the young man said suddenly, picking up his suitcase. "This is no time to let personal con-

siderations bottleneck the war effort. My name's Elliott Carewe, and I'm moving in." He bowed to Trudy. "Will you come into my parlor, spider bait?"

Her eyes narrowed. Obviously, he expected her to refuse. Well, she had as much right to this room as he did. Resolutely she picked up her own suitcase.

When Elliott had dashed to work and Trudy had time to take stock of the situation, she looked over the battered suitcase on the other bed and shuddered.

But the room was nice, with windows on two sides, and furnished attractively. It was just what she had been looking for—with the exception of Elliott Carewe. And what would Jeff say? He was one of the plant physicians, and had promised to meet her when she came off shift to-morrow, and he'd be full of questions.

How could she tell him, "I found a lovely room, darling, with an overstuffed chair and an understuffed young man?"

SHE shivered, imagining the stormy scene. Jeff Markham would have definite ideas about the girl he was going to marry moving cooly in with strange young men. And Trudy had been afraid of Jeff's temper ever since she was in pigtails and he was twelve. He had proclaimed her to be his girl, and no one had the courage to argue with him—least of all, Trudy.

Her mouth felt dry, and her hands hot as she waited in line for the guard's inspection at the plant gates the next afternoon. It had been an exhausting day, new and strange, and her eyes ached from watching the procession of bullets that marched through their mirrored trough.

The guard pawed through her purse diligently. "What, no lipstick?

"Well, it's about time you got here!" said Elliott, following Trudy's gaze to the doorway.

It ain't natural. And where's your lunch-box? I got to see that, too."

"I haven't got one. I went to the cafeteria."

"Move on!" he said.

Jeff was waiting outside the wire enclosure, and he looked solid and comforting in this strange world—and almost handsome.

"Slacks, Gertrude? You didn't tell me—"

"Oh, Jeff, don't scold! All the girls wear them. I'd be conspicuous in anything else."

But in the car he sat in disappearing silence for some time, then he said stiffly, "I have to be at a staff meeting to-night, my dear. I'm afraid you'll have to get used to many a lonely evening. So many doctors have gone into the Services that it keeps the rest of us going every minute. But tell me about the place you live in. I do hope—"

"Oh, it's lovely, Jeff, really!" She didn't want him prowling around on that subject. He'd been too busy to ask questions on the phone at noon, but luckily he approved of the neighborhood.

She chattered on nervously. "It has an overstuffed chair and an—Ugh! That was what your subconscious mind could do. 'I mean I mean we can see the capitol dome from our window.'"

"What?" Jeff slowed the car. "What do you mean, 'we'?" "Our window?"

"Oh, look at the mountains, Jeff! They're like a—"

"Gertrude!" Jeff's tone was ominous. "Don't try to change the subject."

Frankly, Trudy searched her mind for something—anything. But she was trapped. "Well, you see, Jeff—well, I couldn't get a room alone. Salt Lake's so crowded," she said pleadingly.

The car moved on again. "Well, I rather expected that. But I hope she's a nice girl, Gertrude. You have to be careful, with so many people pouring in from everywhere. And she won't do if she drinks or smokes. What's her name?"

Trudy closed her eyes. Here it was. She took a deep breath and started bravely. "Elliott—"

"Gertrude!" Jeff broke in heatedly. "Don't start that business of calling girls by their surname. It's unfeminine and cheap, and furthermore, I want to look Miss Elliott over at the first opportunity." The car stopped in front of Mrs. Banks'.

"I'll see you to-morrow, if I can make it."

Weak from the unexpected reprieve, Trudy managed to get into the house and up the stairs. She leaned her hot forehead against the door panel. She'd really done it now. If Jeff ever found out, his wrath would be doubled because she had deliberately let him believe—well, what he believed.

"Miss Elliott!" she said softly, and sudden, quick laughter shook her as she opened and slammed the door behind her. A tousled head raised from one of the beds.

"What the heck?" Elliott demanded sleepily. "You sound like a commando raid!"

Trudy stared. "Wh-what are you doing here?"

He sat up. "There was a button gone from the top of his red-and-green pyjama jacket. 'What am I doing here? What a poor memory you have, grandma!'"

"But—but—" An awful realization began to dawn on Trudy—the realization that there were twenty-four hours in every day. Elliott worked only eight of them, and she worked only eight of them. Eight more hours to sleep, and here they were, smack in the middle of the remaining eight hours.

Elliott, too, began to have some idea of the situation, for a blank look came over his face. He groaned and flopped down, pulling the covers over his head.

"Mr. Carewe—"

A muffled snort came from the bedclothes. "Mr. Carewe—at a time like this!"

"Elliott, then," Trudy's voice trembled. "I can't stay here with you there in bed. I can't stay here with you at all!"

Please turn to page 4

THERE'S NOTHING JUST LIKE CREAM OF TARTAR

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Old Houses, Buckinghamshire

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Continuing . . . Room for Two

From page 3

Elliott was waiting for her. "So that's what cupid shot with his little arrow! Teh! Teh!"

Trudy flushed hotly. "I was going to thank you for being such a dog-gone big help, but—"

"I shouldn't have bothered," Elliott shrugged. "I guess I'll never get over being a Boy Scout. And if you ask me—but you didn't, did you?"

"No, and I didn't ask you to snoop around watching other people's kisses."

"Kisses?" Elliott's eyebrows went up. "Do you call that a kiss? Why, baby, when a man loves a girl he does it like this"—and before Trudy could get away, Elliott's arms were around her.

Presently his arms dropped, and there was an odd look in his eyes. "I—I'm sorry, Trudy." He ran a hand over his unruly hair. "No, by gosh, I'm not sorry."

Trudy drew a quick breath. She made her voice cold: "This arrangement doesn't seem to be working so well."

His mouth tightened. "Suppose we just write it off as one of those unavoidable accidents?" He shoved his hands in his pockets, walking to the window, staring out moodily. Suddenly he swung around and grinned. "Oh, let's just forget it. Look. It's my night off. Let's bat out to the lake, eat hot dogs, and dance."

The lake lay shimmering in the summer heat as Elliott parked the car outside the gates. "But it's so big, Elliott!" Trudy exclaimed.

"What did you think it was—a duck pond?" He guided her through the turnstile and her eyes began to sparkle as she looked around.

"Here, let me hang on to you or I'll lose you in this mob!" Elliott said, tucking her hand comfortably in his. "There, that's better." He looked down at her, and she looked up at him, and they didn't see the big man carrying ice-cream cones until it was too late.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Elliott looked down at the ice-cream.

"You're sorry!" The big man looked them over. "Listen, brother, it may be love to you, but it's forty cents to me!"

Love? Why, he thought—Trudy felt the blood rush to her face as she remembered how she had been gazing up at Elliott. The flush deepened at the look Elliott shot at her as he said soothingly, "but love pays more dividends."

They went on the merry-go-round.

sat under the tiny palm trees, and ate hamburgers ravenously, then rode the giant racer on the edge of the lake. Trudy clung, screaming, to Elliott when she caught her breath after the first leap, forgetting to let go when the car finally glided to a stop.

Elliott's eyes twinkled. "Mm! Let's go again! That's cooking with dynamite!"

"Once is quite enough, Elliott, Carew!" She marched down the ramp, her hair flying, and she heard his chuckle behind her.

They stood on the pier at dusk, watching the white sails of the boats in the distance; and later, dancing in the great pavilion. Trudy knew she'd never forget this night.

The moon was coming up as they drove home. The high peaks were silhouetted against its light, and Trudy said softly, "It makes you forget bullets, doesn't it?"

"No. Because if it wasn't for the bullets, all this would be gone. For us, anyway."

"You sound angry."

"I am. I tried to enlist, but it seems they need tool-setters, too. They told me to stay where I was until they called me." There was bitterness in his voice that betrayed his disappointment.

"Thanks for everything, Elliott," Trudy said as they drove into the driveway. "And if you are not working to-night, where will you go?"

"I'll bunk with a pal." His grim mood was gone and his big hand covered hers for a minute. "Trudy," his voice was low—"to-day was more than fun. To-day will be something to remember." She ran up the walk, and he called softly, "Take a coat to-morrow, half pint! There's a ring around the moon!" She watched from behind the door until the car turned the corner.

The next day was cloudy, with sprinkling rain, and Trudy awoke with a cold. She remembered her hot, flushed face after they came out of the Fun House, to stand on the pier in the wind. Serves her right, she thought grimly. It's no more than I deserve.

That evening, coming out of the crowded cafe, after a long wait for her dinner, she found the rain coming down in torrents. She saw a cruising taxi and tried to hail it, but the driver didn't see her.

She squeezed violently as she ran to the bus stop—just as her bus drove away. There wasn't room for her on it, anyway. She slushed along in her soaking shoes, and by the time she got home she was too sick to care about anything.

Please turn to page 19



Another way you can help him is by SAVING FOOD

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WINGS TO BEAT

By Australian author

FRANK NUNN

SOME days after FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT OWENS has been shot dead during night training at an Australian Air Force training station, SQUADRON-LEADER TERRY O'DANIEL, C.O. of the Advanced Training School, is shot at and wounded.

DETECTIVE BLOOM is summoned to investigate; wild rumors are current; and SQUADRON-LEADER DON ROOKE, C.O. of the Intermediate Training School, finds his suspicions veering toward an ancient monastery near the station. He learns that PILOT-OFFICER "DUTCHY" VAN GROOT constantly flies low over it while Owens, no music-lover, frequently visited it, ostensibly to listen to the organ.

After a night visit to Terry in hospital, where pretty DAWN SHANNON is nursing him, Don narrowly dodges a girder hurled at him among the station buildings, and sees a figure in a loose-fitting garment make off. He fails to catch him, and some days later receives an anonymous letter, warning him not to tell what he saw.

Now read on:

DON took the letter to a quiet corner to think it out. The threat did not trouble him at all. He guessed that if he had the right angle on things he was marked down anyway. What did worry him was the knowledge that the killer was so close that he could see into his mind, watch the play, know what was said and left unsaid, write him a letter which could be delivered by hand at the mess.

He turned over the envelope and studied the inscription. The writing was obviously disguised. The sheet, he saw, had been torn from an ordinary writing pad. Finally he beckoned to a steward.

"Were you on duty here this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."
"Were you here all the time?"
The steward hesitated. "I was talking to the bar steward in the bar some of the time, sir. There was nobody here."
"Nobody?"

"There's hardly anybody ever here before five, sir."

Don knew that to be right, but he pressed the question. The steward frowned in profound thought and suddenly brightened.

"Mr. Van Groot came in to buy some cigarettes, sir."

Don's eyes narrowed. "What time would that be?"

"About 1630 hours, sir."

About half-past four, Dutchy generally finished his flying before the others.

Don said, "Did he stay long?"

"He just came in for the cigarettes, and went out again, sir."

"I see." Don held up the envelope. "Who brought this in for me?"

The steward studied the envelope. "I don't know anything about it, sir. Somebody must have left it while I was in the bar."

"I expect that is what happened," Don agreed. "All right."

Don looked round for Dutchy, and saw him with a cup of tea in his hand while his companions held glasses. Don beckoned him over, then said off-handedly, "It's nothing very serious. I'm just trying to straighten out a little mystery. What time did you get in here this afternoon?"

Dutchy thought, and then he grinned. "Officially, sir, I was on the tarmac until shortly before five."

"This isn't official."

"Somewhere about four-thirty."

"Did you see anybody delivering this letter in the rack for me?"

Don held it up. Dutchy glanced at it and nodded. "I put it there myself."

Don said, staggered, "You did?"

"I found it on the ground just outside the door. I thought the wind had blown it out of the rack."

"Oh!" Don recovered himself. He said dryly, "Thanks a lot. That clears up everything beautifully."

Dutchy nodded and went back to his seat.

Don stuffed the letter into his pocket. If it had definitely mentioned a monk's habit he would have taken it straight to Bloom. But Bloom might accuse him of being fanciful.

Don saw the detective at dinner, however. Very few were in the mess, as most of them had "warned-out" to take the fullest advantage of the long week-end leave. Bloom came in late and sat by himself. He was eating an entree of sausages when Don stopped beside his chair on his way out.

Don said, pointing to the plate, "What do you expect to get out of them? Inspiration?"

Bloom said, "Maybe. You don't know what you might get out of a brace of anags."

He didn't sound very happy, and Don guessed that his investigations had not led him anywhere yet. Bloom's next remark confirmed this.

"Why does the station have to have a general stand-down just as I get on to something? I've just been told that there'll only be a skeleton staff here for the next two days. It's going to hold up my work—this break."

"You've been holding up ours," grinned Don.

"Some fool just told me that's the reason behind this shooting business. Wouldn't that slay you?"

Don said, "You might just as well keep that in mind."

"Well," snarled Bloom, "it's a theory. It's at least a jump ahead of your vague fears and crazy hints concerning a lot of harmless old monks. Incidentally, what're you doing to-night?"

"I'm going to the hospital to see O'Daniel." He might have with equal truth said Dawn Shannon, too.

"Well, don't go poking round any deserted parts of the tarmac. I'll have to get some out-of-bound notices rigged up for you senior chaps."

"Why—getting concerned?"

Bloom growled, "It's no more than you expect yourself. I'll have to see your C.O. about a general warning."

"That'll make swell reading in Routine Orders," said Don. "That's the sort of thing our friend must be aiming for—demoralisation and destruction. So long. I'll see you around to-morrow."

Don found Terry somewhat restless.

"I'll be glad when I get out of this," he said.

Don looked him over, amused. "You've got a pretty dangerous wound," he said gravely. "Maybe you'll be here for months."

Terry grinned feebly. "Don't give me that," he pleaded. "I've got a nurse with buck teeth and prominent eyes. She haunts me."

"I thought Miss Shannon haunted you, too. What's happened to her?"

"She's on another beat. But you'd know all about that. You've been seeing her?"

Don opened his eyes. "I've been seeing her?"

"I heard her talking to you last night."

"You're crazy. I haven't been near the place since—four nights ago."



WYNNE W. DAVIES

"Don't fool. I heard her address you by name."

"Did she call me Don?"

"She called you Mr. Rooke. I heard her say, 'You're a deep, silent worker, Mr. Rooke. You'll bear watching.'"

Don thought, "He must have fever." Aloud he said, "Let's get this right. Just when and where was it?"

"You were strolling past. You ought to know. I recognised her voice and your laugh. That's all I heard."

Although Terry was a creature of moods, Don had not previously seen him look quite so sulky. He said, at length, "I'm sorry. It wasn't me. Miss Shannon must have been talking about me—not to me. I was on the tarmac directly after dinner last night, and I stayed there until midnight."

Terry summoned up a grin. "O.K.," he said. But Don saw that he didn't believe him. Don shrugged his shoulders. He was thinking, "Why on earth should she make such a remark about me? And who was she talking to?"

He was puzzling this over when the lights suddenly dimmed and blinked out. Terry cursed. He said, "The orderlies will wait a few minutes to see whether the lights'll come on again. Then if they don't they'll muck around with the lamps and get here just as the power comes

"Don't stand up when you're clear," Don cautioned her, looking round anxiously.

on again. I'm sick of this. I'm more. But Dutchy terminated the talk suddenly.

"I'll get a lamp," said Don, and stood up. He groped his way across the ward to the door. He knew his way down to the nurses' room. But he over-ran it in the dark, and lost himself in a maze of passages. He could hear voices, remote and distant, but he could not place their position. And then he heard a girl's voice from a short distance away.

"I'll have to go and see about the lights." It was Dawn Shannon speaking. "Will we be going over there on Sunday?"

Don stood still and listened without shame. He felt he had that right.

A male voice answered. "Sorry, Dawn. I'm afraid I'd better keep away from that dump in the daylight for a while."

In the passage Don was trying not to feel astonished. After all, Dutchy had every right to go out with a nurse. "That dump" was rather vague, although Dawn cleared it up almost immediately, and with a put in her voice.

"Bother! I've been looking forward all the week to listening to the organ again."

So the dump was the monastery. Don almost stretched his ears for

more. But Dutchy terminated the talk suddenly.

"It can't be helped, Dawn. I'm awfully sorry, but I'll have to watch my step for a while, or I'll be getting in too deep. Get somebody else to take you. That oughtn't to be any trouble to you. I'm slipping off now. Cheerio."

"Bye, Dutch," said Dawn.

Don turned and slid back along the passage. Then suddenly he raised his voice. "Orderly. Where are the orderlies. Bring a lamp someone."

From the way his voice echoed he guessed he was now in a wide hall. He could hear footsteps just behind him. They stopped.

"I'll get you a lamp. Who are you?"

Don swung round in pleased surprise. "I'd recognise your voice in a million," he said. "It will always remind me of an organ."

She laughed and said, "There's a lamp in the nurses' room, sir. If you'll follow me—"

She knew the way in the dark, but the journey was all too short. They halted. She said, "Just stand there for a moment—"

Suddenly all the lights sprang on. Dawn was standing in the centre of the room, blinking and smiling.

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HER OWN BOSS

By ...

MARTHA PREWITT

A COUPLE named Martin, at the corner table of the gay little dining porch, beckoned Ginnie to join them. She went because that was part of running a restaurant—"the chatter angle," she called it.

Mr. Martin pulled up a chair for her. She found, with mild annoyance, that he'd faced it so that, seated, she had a clear view out under the awnings of the sea-wall fifty feet away. She turned her head quickly, determined not to look at that dilapidated grey boat against the coping. Kate B. had already taken too much of her time the past ten days—Kate B. and her owner.

Mrs. Martin said in her shrill, high-pitched voice, "Miss Edmonds, have you heard that the Great McKee's in town this week?"

Ginnie's smile showed two charming dimples. "I'm afraid I haven't. Tell me."

Mr. Martin jerked his head toward his wife. "She reads all that scare stuff of McKee's in the papers. Submarines off our fair shores! Must be stopped!"

Mrs. Martin broke in, "It's reading that horrid Ashley that makes you sneer like that! No wonder Mr. McKee gets frantic when Ashley says he's just using it as a publicity gag."

Ginnie had stopped listening, or, rather, she was hearing the hatch on Kate B. grate forward. She wouldn't look, but that didn't keep her from remembering that the hatch was always carefully padlocked when the three of them left the boat at once. What was a boat like that doing with a crew of two, anyway?

"They were crew. They called him 'Boss.' It was the only name she knew for him."

Mrs. Martin said, "McKee did wonders showing up that spy ring. You know he did! Spent thousands and thousands of his own ..."

"And got a scoop out of it!" Her husband chuckled. "Ashley calls him 'The Pompous Patriot!' McKee's cracked, of course ... If a man with fifty million can be ..."

In spite of her determination not to, Ginnie turned her head just far enough to see the Kate B. Boss was there in the companionway, the white Florida sunshine beating down on his uncovered head—a lean, lank man with eyes that were guarded, yet could crinkle with good humor and approval. There was something exciting about their approval, but Ginnie had made up her mind to ignore it.

He padlocked the door and swung across the grass in his long, easy stride.

Mrs. Martin said, "I hear McKee's brought down that hard-boiled old henchman of his, too ... It was in one of the columns the other day ..."

Ginnie slid out of her chair, mumbling apologies. She reached the door as he came in. Each day when she looked up at him like this, she had to get a fresh grip on her indifference.

It wasn't just that he was tall; or that he was so obviously pleased to see her; or that the mystery that surrounded him had roused her woman's curiosity. It was ... well



Thrilling
romantic
drama

... But she intended to prove the superiority of mind over matter. Her "Good afternoon!" was purely professional.

He grinned down at her. "White's your color."

She flushed. His voice did it ... teasing and yet, underneath, tender.

Behind her, Mrs. Martin shrieked. "Oh, you know the man's name ... the one that's been with McKee so long ... Banning! That's it! Old Bulldog Banning, he's called!"

She saw the laughter go out of his face, the muscles around his eyes contract. He took a quick, short breath as if the air had been knocked out of him.

Ginnie wheeled before he could see she'd noticed his alarm and led him to the nearest table.

Her hands were steady giving him a menu, but all the time her mind was demanding why that jarred look because a man named Banning was in town. Boss was in some sort of danger. She knew. In these ten days he'd never told her anything about himself. It piqued her curiosity.

The boat had its puzzling angles, too. It might look like a commercial fisherman, but it wasn't. For one thing, there was that streamlined mast. It didn't belong, and neither did the two big exhaust pipes.

Ginnie had spent her childhood on the eastern shore and knew boats all the way from her father's schooner to her own small speed-boat. But she'd never seen anything like Kate B. She suspected that there was a big engine under the housing in the cockpit though he used a small motor going out each afternoon. He never came back till after sunrise.

What did he do during those long night hours?

He gestured toward the chair opposite him. "Busy? Can't you sit with me?"

She shook her head. "Not just now, thanks." She'd been spending too much time talking to him and getting too interested in what it was all about. It wasn't any affair of hers! She busied herself at the other end of the dining porch.

But there was a lull in business by the time he was having his second cup of coffee, so she walked over to his table. He stood up and pulled the chair out for her with a pre-emptory gesture. "You've been standing too long!"

His concern touched her. She sat down.

"More coffee?"
"No, thanks. But it's good coffee ... I'll miss it."

Her heart skipped a beat. Why? His going away wouldn't make any difference to her. She said, "Joe's a good cook. The only trouble with her she's superstitious. The disasters she can predict!"
He brought his head up in a sharp movement. "You mean—lately?" There it was again—that awareness of danger. He was tight as a spring with it under the casual exterior.

Ginnie said reassuringly. "No. It's chronic. She dotes on it."

"I'm not a fatalist, yet," he acknowledged. His lower lip was compressed and grim.

Ginnie moved with an uneasy gesture. She didn't like this sense of something impending. She started to get up.

He put out a brown hand. "Don't go!"

"But I must. I've got other customers ..."

"They'll be here to-morrow!"
She looked at him steadily. "You mean—you won't be?"

"Of course, I will!" But his voice was too hearty and his long fingers tightened on a spoon till the skin on the knuckles turned white.

Ginnie found that her own hands were trembling in her lap. She said in a low voice, "Tell me what it's all about, Boss."

"Why do you call me that?" His lips twisted in a smile.

"It's all the name I know for you!"

"I like hearing you say it." His blue eyes had a teasing, caressing light. "I'd like to be your boss. Or you could be mine," he added generously.

Because that made her a little breathless, she brought her chin up smartly. "I'm my own boss!"

"I plan to change that," he said quietly. "I've got an unfinished piece of business to attend to. Then we can retire on the proceeds ... if it works." He pushed his chair back from the table.

"I have to go now. I'd like to kiss you good-bye, but I'd shock the old girl at the corner table. Don't forget me, Ginnie." It was the first time he'd ever called her that.

He got up and held her chair out for her. "I've got to go to town," he said. "If you see either Red or

"Look!" muttered Boss, as a thin streak sped by in the water, close to their side.

Ike around the boat, would you tell them, please, to stand by? We may have to take off earlier to-day."

She nodded. His asking that gave her a sense of being in on whatever he was doing. She didn't want any part of it; yet—she liked the idea. She went to the door twice after he'd gone to see if either of the men had come. The second time she stood there, startled, watching.

An oldish man with a heavy paunch and bushy grey eyebrows was standing on the sea wall looking at the boat. She watched uneasily.

She was so intent that she didn't realise the Martins were leaving till they stopped beside her. Mrs. Martin followed Ginnie's gaze. She said in what tried to be a whisper, "My dear, isn't that McKee himself?"

Ginnie's palms were suddenly moist. If Boss had reason to worry about McKee's henchman, this Banning, wouldn't the same apply to McKee?

Mr. Martin said, "Come on! What if it is McKee? What difference does it make?"

"But isn't it? You've seen him in New York dozens of times!"

Mr. Martin squinted toward the sea wall. "Yes, it's the old boy, all right. He's crazy enough to think that's a yacht! Come on, now. You've got a date at the hairdresser's in ten minutes!"

They left and Ginnie stayed by the door. It wasn't her business, she argued. But if she could warn Boss ... give him a chance ...

Hesitantly she opened the screen door and stepped out on the porch. She was trying to figure out what she could tell McKee to get him away. She went slowly across the lawn, her lips dry.

As she approached he looked up sharply.

She said: "Were you trying to find the old man who lives on that boat? I'm sorry, but he's gone to see his granddaughter to-day. May I take a message for him?"

One heavy eyebrow went up in surprise and he twisted his head to one side considering. He looked at the boat and back at Ginnie. His manner was uncertain. "Is there another restaurant on this bay?" he demanded.

That gave Ginnie her cue. She nodded. "Over on the other side ... more isolated than this one really ... She waved a hand across the wide reach of water. "You can just see the roof and the little boat like this one that's been out in front lately."

She'd banked on his eyesight being too poor to see that there wasn't a man-made mark on the whole stretch of sand over there. She held her breath till he'd nodded, without looking.

Evidently he had no time to lose. He said, "Obliged," gruffly, and waddled back toward the parking lot. Ginnie figured it would take an hour to drive around to the other side. In the meantime she could warn Boss. She went back and took up her stand by the door again. The minutes ticked by slowly.

She'd been there half an hour, when Joe came out to clean the floor of crumbs.

She leaned on her mop, her white eyeballs rolling disapprovingly at Ginnie. "Yuh better leave dat boat trash alone. I see trouble."

The ominous note jarred on Ginnie's already high-keyed nerves. She wasn't in any mood for Joe's admonitions. "Don't, Josie! Don't jitter me any worse than I already ..."

She broke off and turned her head at a noise. Boss was on board! She opened the door and ran out and across to the sea wall. "Boss!"

He turned, his face lighting when he saw her.

She spoke all in one breath, "McKee ... looking for you ... I sent him to the other side of the bay ... but he'll come back ... you've got to get away ..."

He looked grave. "You're sure it was McKee?"

"Yes. Mr. Martin knows him."

"May I use your phone?"

They ran side by side across the grass and up the steps. She showed him her office. He smiled apology and closed the door on her. She went back to the porch. When Boss came back he was hurrying. He stopped beside her. "I've got to get hold of Red and Ike. Quick! But he didn't go. He looked down at her for a long moment. Slowly his hand came up, his fingers cupped her chin.

"You're—lovely ... Ginnie ..."

He bent his head and kissed her gently. "I wanted to do that—so much." He went then, not looking back. Ginnie watched him stride down the path that led to town. She took a long, shuddering breath like a person coming out of ether.

She couldn't settle down to any of the things she ought to be doing at this time. She should be checking left-overs, typing dinner menus.

But she couldn't. She felt tight and scared. She kept going back to the door to look.

The third time she stayed there, waiting. That was how she came to see that the hatch on Kate B. had been left open.

She really knew nothing at all about the stranger, except the one breath-taking fact—that she loved him.

The padlock dangled from the hasp. In his hurry, he'd forgotten.

If McKee came again . . . If there was something on board that should be locked up . . .

She crossed swiftly to the sea wall, intending only to fasten the hatch. But if his keys were below, he'd be locked out. . . . Maybe when seconds counted, she had to do something, yet it would attract attention to the boat if she sat on deck to guard it.

Her decision was made in one swift vaulting of every instinct, all her training. She slid the hatch forward to let her body through it, and then crouched to push it back into place.

She stepped down into the cabin—in total darkness! The portholes must be painted black! The thought sent a shiver over her. She ought to go back.

But curiosity—or something stronger—held her. She felt along the moulding till her fingers touched the cold smoothness of a bulb, found the switch.

She saw at once that the interior was no fishboat's. The one bunk had a good blanket on it, and a pair of military brushes on the shelf over it. There was a big ship-to-shore radio in a niche aft that must be reached from the cockpit, through a

locker. The back of it was in the cabin. Beside it was a microphone attached to a great length of wire.

There were headphones, too, and a device she didn't recognise. Along the side of the cabin were two cartons of equipment. She started to examine them when she heard running feet.

Her eyes raced over the cabin and found a big sail locker where the galley might have been. She had just time to switch off the light and wedge herself into the space above the sails. But in that instant before the light went out, she'd seen a thing that jarred her. The sails in the locker were black!

The next moment feet hit the deck above her. The hatch jerked open and a band of light fell on her blouse. She waited, not breathing. A hand reached in for the switch.

No need for her to see whose hand. She'd known his step. And he was alone. She shoved back in the locker. At that moment she knew she was going with him.

The starter whined and a big engine answered with throbbing violence . . . an aeroplane motor it was, with tremendous horsepower. It shook the boat. He left it idling and ran forward over the cabin roof to cast off lines, came back along the sea wall for the stern line, and

then landed with a jump in the cockpit again.

Kate B. swung away, gathering momentum. Whatever his mission was, it was urgent and immediate—so important he'd gone without a crew. And at this speed he couldn't leave the wheel and come below. She was safe from detection for a moment, anyway. She let her tight muscles relax and settled down to wait.

An hour went by . . . another . . . She could see her watch in the narrow band of light. It was close and hot in the locker. She thought perhaps she dozed. She was awakened by the sudden awful silence of the big motor being shut off. She was afraid to breathe in the quiet. She tried to see her watch, but the light was fading.

Kate B. began to roll in the trough as she lost momentum.

The hatch slid open. It wasn't so dark after all—only beginning twilight. She stood up and waited, nervous, unsure of everything now that she had to face him.

The boat rolled far over, Ginnie with it. Her head thumped on the bulkhead.

He asked sharply, "Who's there?"

She couldn't find her voice to answer. She leaned forward. He

was standing there on the lowest step, braced to the roll, an automatic in his hand.

"D—don't shoot! It's just—me . . ."

The pistol sagged. He stared at her as though she might be a ghost.

She stretched her cramped legs. "You left the hatch open. I was guarding the boat."

He kept on staring at her, not saying anything.

She went on lamely: "I wanted—to help."

He shook his head, half-angry, half-perplexed. "You've no business here! And there's not a thing I can do about it!"

"Where are we?"

"About forty miles from Miami. And I've got to stay here. I can't risk even the time to run you to the nearest quay. It's my job!"

"All right," she said calmly. "I came of my own accord, didn't I? Who's squealing?"

"But it's dangerous for you, darling."

"How about you?"

"I'm paid for it! Handsomely. So're Red and Ike . . . but you . . ."

He broke off helplessly.

"Where are they?"

"They went for parts of the other engine, and I couldn't locate them. I had to take off, single-handed or not." He grinned down at her. "I didn't know I had a stowaway crew." He added grimly, "We'd better get sail up right away."

She helped him haul the sail out on deck and get it rigged. Why was it black? A hundred other questions tugged at her mind, but she didn't ask him any of them.

Around them the sea had turned slate-grey with twilight. Kate B. seemed an insignificant chip there, rocking in the trough, spray skittering up her topsides and flecking the coaming. The sky was grey, too, save for one flaming streak of crimson in the west.

"Cold, Ginnie?"

"No."

"You'll have to put something over that light outfit. Go below and find something in the locker under the steps. Cover every scrap of it."

It seemed to her he'd lowered his voice. She was quivering with nerves when she got into one of his big dark sweaters and pulled oil-skins on. She saw now why the portholes were painted black and why there was no windshield. Nothing to reflect. From what? She went back on deck, troubled.

BOSS said in a low tone, "You'll have to take the wheel now. That sail gives her bare steerage way, but do the best you can to keep her NNW. Keep the sharpest lookout you ever did!"

"For what?"

"Anything! I'm going below to listen."

It was eerie out there in the blackness with only the shaded pinpoint of light on the compass. Above her the black sail made a darker triangle against a sombre sky. There were no stars. The only sound was the soft slap-slap of water against the boat.

She understood now why the topsides were grey and blotched. They wouldn't be visible six feet away on a night like this. She looked aft over the transom for telltale phosphorescence. But at this speed they hardly disturbed the water. A shark might show as much wake as they showed.

She heard Boss move about the cabin. Then silence. After a long pause he stuck his head up through the companionway. "Turn off the binoculars! I hear them!"

"Who?" she returned his whisper, fumbling at the same time with the switch.

But he had gone below again. There was another prolonged silence. Then "he" was back in the cockpit. He carried something bulky that scraped her arm.

"Sorry! Hurt you? Cameras have sharp edges!"

Please turn to page 8

"D—don't shoot! It's just me—" Ginnie greeted him nervously.

No.

I'm all right." She blinked into the dead black of the sea ahead. Cameras? Could he be smuggling... But that didn't make sense, smuggling them out of the United States. None of it made sense. The only thing she knew was that whatever it was, if Boss was in it, it was all right!

He'd gone off and was working in pitch blackness. After a while he went below again.

Her eyes, boring into the night, began to feel the strain. They were playing tricks on her. She blinked. There was the bulk of something something big... without a light... She swung the wheel hard over.

Boss came swiftly up the companionway. She turned to him. He said, "Sh-h-h" in sibilant warning. They waited, sliding by the dark blot only a few feet away. There were dull, muffled noises there, and a tiny light blinked twice and twice again.

Boss put his lips against her ear. "Bull's-eye!" he exulted mutely. "Didn't mean to come so close... must've shut down everything..."

She nodded, not really understanding.

He was whispering again. "Got to listen for the other one. It's astern of us."

She felt that hours must have gone by when Boss came up the steps in one swift bound. "Hard sport! Quick!" He threw his weight on the wheel. "They're coming under us!"

Under us? That could only mean—a submarine. Ginnie sat down in rigid terror—not only for the menace there beneath them, but of what it might imply. Boss couldn't be mixed up in a spy ring.

"Look!" Boss muttered. A thin phosphorescent streak sped past them close in. The periscope!

White water boiled alongside. The thin streak foamed into brighter glow as the conning-tower broke water. It seemed incredibly near. Then, still too close for safety, the

glowing line lengthened into the twin curves of the sub's back split by the tower. A second... two seconds... they waited. The long curves grew, met at her stern. Then there was a sudden rumble and Ginnie quivered.

"Diesels," Boss said out loud. "They can't hear thunder while they're running on them. Follow them in, darling, will you?"

He turned the wheel over to her and stooped beside it. She heard hinges creak on a locker, and then after a pause, Boss said, "WAKB calling WAKB... WAKB calling WAKB... Come in, WAKB."

A voice blared out, "Okay, WAKB. We're listening. Report Over."

Ginnie waited tensely, but Boss' report didn't tell her much. He said, "Everything as planned so far. That tip was worth the money, sir. Has Abe taken off yet? Over."

"Three and a half minutes ago. On schedule. Should be there in plenty of time."

In time for what? Ginnie's fingers bit into the damp curve of the wheel.

Then Boss said into the mike, "I'll start shooting in ten minutes, I figure. Stand by till then, sir."

Ginnie shut her eyes. Up till that moment she'd hoped that whatever this was, it didn't include violence. But even now she didn't falter. If Boss thought it was all right, it was.

The diesels shut off with sudden, absolute silence.

Boss whispered, "They've made contact! Hoped they'd keep charging batteries. Guess they're scared to. We'll have to work in closer than this thought."

From across the water there was a single clank, the sound a steel hatch might make being dropped back on a steel deck. There was no light over there, but an occasional command, gutturally unintelligible, helped to guide them.

Her Own Boss

Continued from page 7

Slowly they inched in, afraid every tiny creak or rattle of tackle might bring a searchlight on them. "This'll do," Boss decided finally. "No use pushing our luck. Have to get sail off."

She helped him, moving stealthily. As she lowered the sail he pleaded it in so that no sudden gust of wind could whip it and betray them.

Boss whispered, "Can you handle the big motor?"

"I can try."

"Okay. When I yell, get her going... like mad!" She put her hand on his shoulder to comfort him. The hand touched something cold. She explored it, found the round, smooth disc of the microphone on a bracket... strapped to his chest.

He said, "Watch your eyes, Ginnie... it's worse than arc-welding." She didn't know what he meant.

He went aft. The soft slithering of the mike wire followed him along the cockpit floor. Her head ached with the endless puzzle that connected with only one tangible thought—Danger!

There was the faint click of a pistol hammer. He said softly, "WAKB calling WAKB... all set... going into action..."

The crack of the pistol was sharply clear. But not nearly so clear as that sudden, too-white brilliance that burned in the sky. A parachute flare! Reflected over and over, on each sloping face of the waves, the light, brighter than day, hung above the two ships while Kate B. rolled in the fringe of its radiance. Only a grey shadow on a grey sea.

Ginnie threw up her hand to shield her eyes. The scene had the black-and-white clarity of dry paint. The long wet shining submarine lay against the other ship... connected by oil hoses that writhed down the side of the tanker.

She could see the funnel and the grey bulk of the crew's quarters aft, and forward on the bridge a man stared at the light, his slack mouth making a deep shadow on his chin.

Half a dozen white faces lined the tanker's bulkheads like clay pipes in a shooting gallery. And on the sub there were more white faces all upturned in frozen surprise.

She heard Boss' voice, unburied. "Tanker's the William T. Shrank... flying American flag! Sub's..."

She turned aft. He was there in the stern, his legs braced wide to the roll of the boat, with a mini-camera at his eye. She heard it click. He took it down to crank it; put it up, click again.

Inside Ginnie's mind something clicked, too. "Shoot"... Of course! That was slang for taking pictures!

A guttural command on the sub broke up the tableau of surprise. Boss' voice picked up excitement. "Anti-aircraft going into action!" Click on the camera again.

Ginnie was watching the surge of activity on the sub. A man had flung himself on his back in the saddle of the deck gun. The long barrel of it swivelled sharply, light running along its polished length as it turned. Then there was the crash of a single burst of machine-gun fire. She saw the path of a tracer bullet cut into the darkness beyond the flare.

Boss shouted into the mike, "Heat it? One of the big new ones! Trying for the flare... got time for about one more."

The bursts went into a long deafening roll. The flare dived like a frantic comet, went rocketing into the black water, spluttered, died. Then solid darkness followed.

Boss shouted, "Get going, Ginnie!"

Her hand was already on the switch. The big engine roared, shaking the boat. Then it missed fire and quit. Boss groaned. She tried again, pulling the choke with fingers rigid with fear.

A sharp rat-tat-tat burst behind them. The yellow line of the tracer was low a little astern and to starboard. The engine caught again. She eased the choke. The thunder dwindled to a low rumble. Boss was beside her, threw his weight on the clutch. Kate B. slid forward, picking up speed.

Boss shouted above the roar of it, "Zigzag! I've got to get this camera into its water-tight can—just in case they sink us!"

She held on to the wheel, crowding revs on to the motor as fast as it could take them. She couldn't hear the machine-guns any longer, but the tracer bullets showed the bursts creeping closer.

Boss said, "There!" and then, "Calling WAKB. Did you get it all right? Come in."

"Yes! Made a record of it for Ashley. Say, who is Ginnie? Over."

But Boss had a question of his own. "Where's Abe? They're getting close with their fire! I'm certainly going to earn that fine bonus, Mr. McKee. Over."

For one second Ginnie forgot that relentless machine-gun behind them. She felt limber with relief. Mr. McKee? It began to make sense. If Boss were getting proof for the Pompous Patriot to show America—and probably more important—Ashley that the submarine stuff was true, it added up to...

THE voice said, "Abe says he saw your flare. He'll be above you any second. I said, 'Who is Ginnie?' Over."

A burst splattered to port of them, the glow of the tracer sizzling out almost at the boat's waterline. Ginnie swung hard to starboard, and in the same instant there was a terrific crash and splintering of wood at the stern.

"Ginnie!"

"It's all right, Boss."

"Thank heaven!"

She clung to him, buried her head in his shoulder. It had been so close.

Boss said, "Look."

She raised her head. To the west a red and green light, high up, a white light between.

"Abe's coming!"

They turned stiffly, then, afraid to look aft. But only darkness was there. No yellow streaks whited at them. The submarine, too, had seen the lights of the plane.

Boss said, "They're diving! We're safe!" He laughed in a sudden crazy burst of relief. "We're all right, Ginnie! We got through!"

"Yes, Boss." She laughed with him, tears on her cheeks.

He put his face against her hair, holding her close. She tilted her head to bring her forehead against his lips. In the silence a frantic voice shouted, "Bill! Why on earth don't you come in? What's happened? Do you hear me, Bill Banning? And why don't you tell me, who is Ginnie? Over."

Bill Banning's chuckle, Ginnie decided, was as nice as Boss' had been. He released her hand to shove the radio switch to the sending position.

"Show's over, sir," he reported. "Got some swell evidence in the transom... above the waterline. Nobody hurt." Then, guilelessly, "You want to know who Ginnie is? She's your successor, sir." He put his lips close to Ginnie's ear. "Hi, Boss," he said.

(Copyright).



"Never mind the Tiara, James"

"Never mind the Tiara, James, there's not really room."

"Very good madam. If I may say so, surely a bizarre procedure?"

"One can always obtain more diamonds, James, but Parker Shoes are irreplaceable."

"If you will permit me, madam, I understand that Parker are still making quite an amount of high-grade footwear."

"Really James?"

"Quite, madam, of course you must seek them out. I believe fittings present a modicum of difficulty, but the accepted people still have stocks of Parker. Although, of course, the major Parker output goes to the Services."

"I'm fascinated, James. Nevertheless put the Parkers away. I have misgivings of Mrs. Woodington's ethics."

"Quite Madam."

Parker
Shoes



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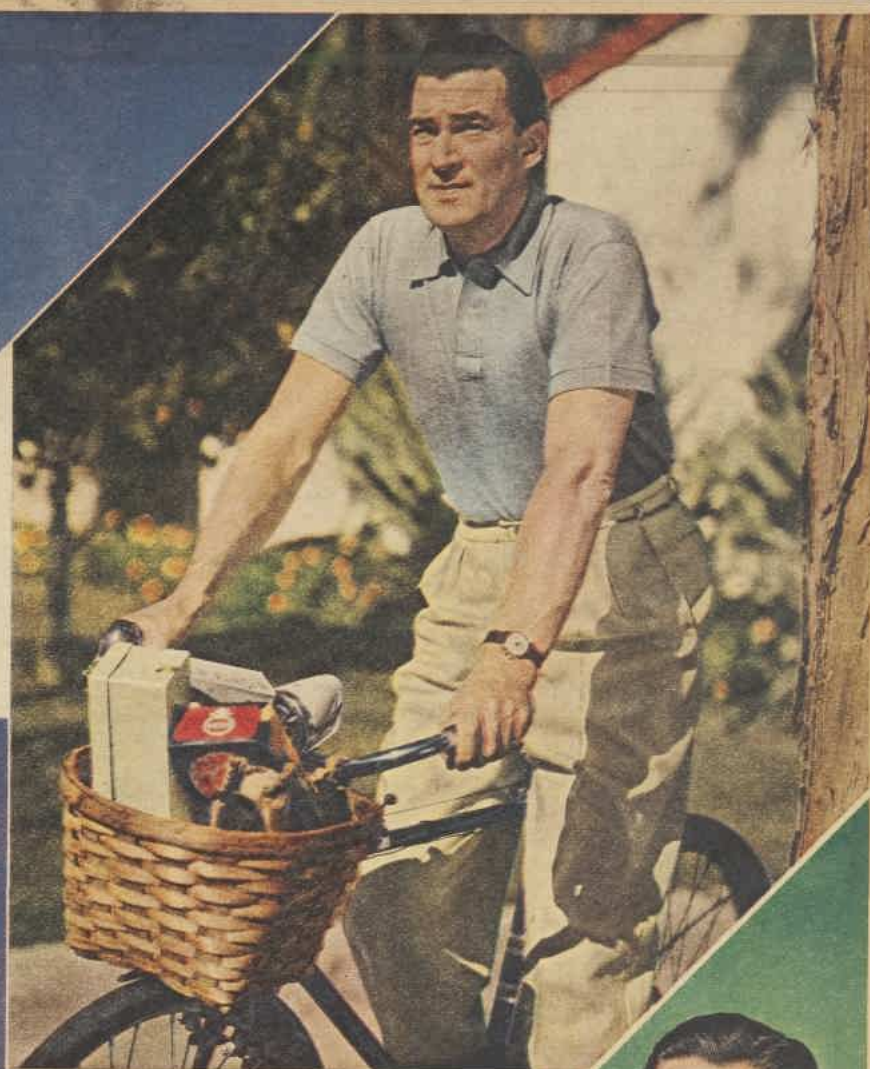
Veronica Lake

Paramount star now appearing in "Star Spangled Rhythm."

LT.94.26



• A comedy-drama, "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," has been chosen by Paramount as the next film for Brian Donlevy, veteran of World War I.



• Walter Pidgeon is co-starring with Greer Garson in MGM's "Madame Curie." His war job is bond-selling in Canada.



• MGM's new discovery, Robert Walker, will play his first starring role in "See Here Private Hargrove." His fine acting in "Bataan" resulted in his leap to stardom. The film is made from the book, which is a series of sketches of American Army life.



• After eight months on active service as an ace flier, Robert Cummings has returned to Hollywood to make "Flesh and Fantasy" for Universal. He is a squadron-leader in the Civilian Air Patrol. Wood-working is a favorite hobby of his.

Movie World

AWHEEL



ALTHOUGH, AT FIRST, MISS ELLA'S FRIENDS COULD HARDLY HIDE A SMILE



THE FACT REMAINED THAT WHILE THEY TRUGGED SHE SPED ALONG IN STYLE



AND EVEN IF AT TIMES SHE COULD HAVE GLADLY SOLD THE BIKE



WITH SOLVOL'S HELP, HER PRETTY HANDS STAYED SMOOTH AND LADYLIKE

ALL HANDS TODAY NEED -



NERVY WOMEN

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AT CHEMISTS OR STORES

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• To see if she has sex-appeal for men other than her husband, Dorothy McGuire flirts with playwright Reginald Gardiner.

Claudia comes to the screen...

By Cable from CHRISTINE WEBB, in Hollywood

IT is as a full-fledged star that beguiling young Dorothy McGuire makes her screen debut in "Claudia" for Twentieth Century-Fox. For several years Claudia, created by the well-known author, Rose Franken, has held the imagination and affection of the entire American public, and Dorothy gave 722 Broadway performances of this famous character.

After an extensive and fruitless search for a young star to bring this character to the stage, Rose Franken and the producer were ready to drop the whole project.

It was then Dorothy McGuire walked into the office. She was the 289th applicant for the part, and she wore her favorite costume—a skirt and sweater; her hair wind-blown and careless; her finger-nails unpainted. Miss Franken took one look at Dorothy and gasped, "Why this IS Claudia."

In spite of her sensational rise to fame, young Dorothy has not been spoiled by success. She is a straightforward girl, and lives alone, attended by a maid who has been with her family since she was a child. She drives a small car and likes to read. Furthermore, Dorothy can turn a sentence on her own, without the aid of a Press agent hovering over a typewriter in the background.

Not sports girl

"I'm not the least bit athletic," she admits, "although I did play basketball in my jumping-up-and-down days." She calls people "mister" and "miss," and doesn't know why she does it, but she likes it that way.

At home she always wears slacks and trim sweaters, not "the awful blousy kind," as she calls them. She enjoys talking to people who are interesting on their own account, and likes the excitement of stimulating conversation.

Her taste in music is simple—Russian music, of the classic or Tchaikovsky variety, or the choral kind that Russians excel in, French popular songs, very whispery and romantic, and Mexican music comprise her record collection.

In the film version of "Claudia" Dorothy plays the title role, and is ably supported by Robert Young as her husband, and Ina Claire as her mother.

The story actually is the balance of relationships between these people. Claudia, only 18, harum-scarum, thoughtless, delightful, is far too dependent on her mother,

• Stage star Dorothy McGuire, as the irresponsible Claudia, makes her first screen appearance with Robert Young.

and only achieves maturity when she learns that her mother is doomed to die. This knowledge comes on the very day she finds out that she herself is to become a mother.

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SAHARA

• Columbia's adventure drama extols the courage of the men who rose from initial defeat to the heights of victory in the North African campaign. Humphrey Bogart stars in an all-male cast which includes Bruce Bennett and Lloyd Bridges.



Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because poisons are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must kill the poisons which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

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fortuna
1 cloth

1 AFTER the fall of Tobruk, Sergeant Gunn (Humphrey Bogart) and his tank crew join forces with a lost group of Allied soldiers.

2 STRUGGLING across the desert, they meet a Sudanese (Rex Ingram) and an Italian prisoner (J. Carrol Naish), both lost.

3 ON ARRIVAL at a deserted fort, the thirst-crazed men are disappointed to find no water, but Gunn decides to stay there and give the men an opportunity to rest.



4 THESE PLANS are interrupted by the arrival of two Nazis, who for a mug of water confess that a detachment of Germans are behind them, so Gunn sends for help.



Pour it on, Mum!

No need to worry about how much hot water that daughter of yours is using... no more stingy hot baths for the family... pour it on, just the same as you would were the water cold.

We're promising it now... a real hot water system like you find in the palatial home of a Hollywood star... only even more up to date. With hot water to spare... in your bathroom... in your kitchen... in your laundry. Pouring out-day and night—just by turning a tap. No lighting of jets... no tap

attachments... the real hot water system you've dreamed about.

Of all the luxuries promised after the war... none will be more important to small homes than the Rheem High Pressure Hot Water System. Completely developed by the Rheem Organisation before the war, it will be sold at a price within the easy reach of every working family. No longer will a complete hot water system be a luxury denied to thousands.

Until victory is won Rheem is working overtime on war production; and so to-day's limited output of Rheem water heaters must go to the essential services. But, there's a great day coming... a day when there'll be a Rheem High Pressure Hot Water system in your home.

Even the newly-weds' tiny cottage will have its

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6 HOPE is almost abandoned, when a British column comes to their assistance, and they rush into the attack again.

Director defies traditions

IN directing Columbia's war drama, "Sahara," Zoltan Korda defied several firmly established Hollywood concepts about producing pictures, by entirely excluding women from the cast, beginning the film with a scene of Allied defeat at Tobruk, and insisting on making all of his picture on location.

Generally, close shots and interior sequences are made in the studio, following the completion of essential location exterior scenes.

However, to answer script needs of shooting "Sahara" fortress interiors, Director Korda built a sound-stage in the Imperial Valley Desert in California, rebuilt some of his desert fortress inside the stage and made his interiors there.

Humphrey Bogart is perfectly cast as the two-fisted commander of a tank, and leader of a small group of Allied fighters who struggle through the treacherous, sandy wastes of the desert in an effort to catch up with the British Army at El Alamein.

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P.S. You should be able to buy Pond's "Lips" refills at your chemist or store. But now and then it may happen that supplies are temporarily short in your locality. Pond's are doing their best to keep everybody supplied, but wartime difficulties are sometimes beyond our control.





TOMATOES FOR THE TROOPS. These girls sort the tomatoes as they pass on an endless belt to be turned into tomato puree, juice, or sauce. Cannery pictures from Dept. of Information.



CANNERY WORKERS receiving an endless stream of cans which they pack into wooden boxes to be distributed to the various departments of one of Australia's biggest canneries.

What it is like to work in a cannery

Two women tell their own stories of weeks along the fruit line

What is it like to work in a cannery? This is a question that thousands of women want to know about these days, when ever-recurring calls are made in many parts of Australia for womanpower as seasonal labor. Federal award rate for women 18 and over doing this work is £3/1/9 for a 44-hour week. Very experienced hands on piecework earn up to £6 a week.

Already many women have volunteered or been called up for cannery work in holiday periods. In some cities retail stores and business offices are co-operating in an appeal for volunteers to be loaned for one month to canneries. On this page are the stories of two women who did cannery work for the first time. Both found it hard work, but a novel and stimulating experience, and both were impressed by the good fellowship of the women workers and the sense of satisfaction in doing a vital job for the war effort.



MISS ALLEYNE ZANDER.

By ALLEYNE ZANDER

Writer and broadcaster, who, before the war, was Public Relations Officer to the Royal Academy and organised international art shows.

IT'S a long step from organising international art shows in London to working in a jam factory in Sydney. But if younger people from the University and over-worked schoolteachers on their few weeks of precious holiday could bear it, so, I felt, should I.

At the cannery I went to, nearly all the workers were middle-aged or older.

One pretty but quite elderly woman putting fruit next to me said, "I came down from the country on a holiday to stay with my daughter, but when I heard the appeal to save the fruit from rotting, I just had to do something about it."

"My son just adores apricots, and he never sees any in New Guinea. And there they all are, rotting on the ground up our way, no one to pick them even."

She cut and stoned her apricots faster than ever as she told me this, as though every one was going up north straight to Bert.

"My daughter told me, 'You're mad to think of it at your age and in this weather.' But it keeps my mind off worrying somehow. Makes you feel you're doing something real for him," she added.

She was only one of hundreds who were beginning on factory work rather late in life. I'd never been inside a factory before, and had often wondered what it would be like to work in one.

So far as jamming is concerned, my first and prevailing impression was of extreme heat.

After we had clocked in (a new experience for me) we were sent down to the noisiest and hottest part of the factory.

Quite a lot of workers were already cutting apricots, and looked unbelievably expert, though they all told me that they had only a nodding or lunch-table acquaintance with the apricot previously.

They had never thought of apricots by the ton; never thought of pressing them into tins, properly graded in various sizes, while the tins rattled along on a belt to be filled with sweetened syrup.

They had certainly never thought of standing, hour after hour, in close proximity to great vats which sent

up clouds of steam as the syrup poured into the cans.

We cutters all stood in long lines before racks which held tin dishes of fruit. There was just room for a case of apricots between each couple.

As we got through a case of fruit, we could upturn the empty case and sit on it. The case was not altogether a comfortable seat over a period of eight or twelve hours, and one stood and sat alternately.

It was agonisingly hot, for outside the temperature had climbed to 100. Not only the syrup vats sent up steam, but just beside us men carried huge bags of sugar up a slippery ramp, to tip them into vats of boiling sugar which sent up great jets of hissing steam.

I can't think why those men didn't turn into syrup, too.

People didn't talk much, for the noise was colossal; the hissing of steam, the rattle of trolleys, the clatter of the tins.

Above it all the latest Allied rhythms rose from the loud-speakers perched above the canners.

The women were of every shape and size, and in age the majority were forty-five to fifty-five years.

Plenty looked far older than that, and one woman, who cut much faster than I did, told me that she was over seventy and had five grandsons fighting.

I got faster after a couple of days. The first day seemed endless, and I only managed to get about fifteen dishes full; the second day was even longer, but I did manage to achieve twenty dishes.

But I felt dashed when VI, who came to collect the dishes when I had cut the fruit, told me that she used to average sixty a day.

I liked VI.

She was a gay, cheerful young woman who had worked there for eight years, and would come along with, "Finished yours, love?" and make you feel that she really thought it was a surprisingly quick performance.

Very few workers, so far as I could make out, had worked there for long, though some of the men on special jobs, such as the engineers who watched the steam pressure, and the men who graded the fruit, were evidently people of experience.

The most surprising thing of all



HALVED PEACHES being placed in cans by pretty Sheila Day, at a leading cannery.

was the way the factory was organised on a co-operative basis. Except for one man, who seemed to be a chemical or processing expert, no one ever seemed to give any orders.

One or two men and women directed any transfer of labor when the flow of fruit paused, or an influx of cut fruit required more canners than cutters.

There was a certain amount of conference between these people; everyone was on friendly terms, and I never saw even the beginning of an argument, or listened to a cross exchange of words.

It was quite amazing to see such

Fine spirit of co-operation

a spirit of co-operation running through every department of a big factory employing about 700 people.

The work was, I must admit, both tiring and trying.

One's neck and back ached after an hour of it, and at the end of the day heat, noise, and backache became almost unbearable.

Somehow one worked then in almost a frenzy; men and women seemed to work at the fastest speed they were capable of maintaining.

The work I disliked most was stoning the fruit for jam. Soft fruit, too bruised for cutting and canning, had the stones squeezed out. One didn't have to cut it.

This was thrown into the jam-making vats, which men stirred with great wooden poles.

It wasn't all pleasant, but still I would go to can apricots again if necessary.



MISS JOYCE EVANS.

By JOYCE EVANS

Teacher at the Public School at Dapto, N.S.W. Miss Evans, whose home is at Leeton, has a brother in the R.A.A.F.

ONE day this summer I ceased being a school-ma'am and became a factory hand.

I presented myself at the registrar's office of a large cannery, where I was given a cap and knife, the badge of office of a cannery worker.

It was with sinking heart and knocking knees that I then turned toward the main building—such a vast structure, and such a sea of strange faces.

However, in a few minutes I was one of the community standing at a long bench "pitting" apricots—cutting the fruit in two and removing the stones. I glanced down the long row of women. Such speed and dexterity, two deft turns of the knife, and the fruit was cut, a flick of the wrist and it was in the case waiting to receive it. The women swayed back and forth as they worked.

My wandering attention was rudely jerked back by the voice of the demonstrator who was informing me that I was cutting my fruit just about as wrongly as was humanly possible, and that it would be useless for canning.

She proceeded to demonstrate the correct method, but, try as I might, I was never to become as adept as my rhythmical companions.

On my third day as a "pitter" I was congratulating myself on having finished my tenth case when I learned my neighbor had reached her twenty-sixth, so I retired from the "pitting" field and took up a position downstairs among the beet-roots.

Here, "up to our neezes in blud-red beetroot jooze," as one of the lads described it, work went on in a more leisurely fashion.

The vegetable had been boiled, and our job was to remove the skin, cut off the "top and tail," and wash it in preparation for canning.

My next job was canning spinach. Six girls worked at each bench. The first girl placed a spoonful of salt in each tin, the second supplied the hot water, the third and the fourth put the spinach in the cans, the fifth weighed them, and the sixth placed them on trays.

Work was certainly speeded up in the spinach branch, and cans passed

from hand to hand at an amazing rate.

Though time did not drag at the spinach bench, the continual standing was tiring to one unused to it, and it was with a thankful heart I took my varicose veins and fallen arches along to my next field of endeavor—the tomato belt.

Referred to as "Annie's Room," the tomato belt was situated high up under the ceiling.

We sat on either side of a moving belt and grabbed an occasional green or overripe tomato as it sailed by.

After a time the belt seemed to cease moving, and we got the illusion that it was really ourselves who were on a long journey instead—rather a pleasant sensation, I thought, though others felt slightly sea-sick.

Often one's attention would be attracted by a rattle and clatter and a whole army of tins would proceed to do a route march across the room.

Of course, the tins were everywhere, and seemed unaccountably alive as they travelled on their belts to various destinations. They even invaded the privacy of the lunch-rooms, where they had a regular beat.

My fellow workers were a real cross-section of Australian folk.

One would think they were all managing directors, judging by the pride they took in the factory.

There was a fine fellow-feeling among them also, and there were always willing hands to help out anyone with a last case of fruit.

Of course, we became very natty over the beetroot, spinach, and so on, and enjoyed many a little "heart to heart" chat.

My first bosom pal was Gladys, whose problem was to choose between two equally handsome lovers.

For two days over the apricots and one over the spinach we thrashed out the matter, with me giving advice in large doses—may Cupid forgive me!

We might have saved ourselves the trouble as, at this stage, Gladys lost her heart to a strapping young fellow in the "jam line," and the two previous lovers joined the ranks of the "has-beens."

So life went on in the busy factory until my month was up. I felt quite sad as I said good-bye to all my friends, and made a secret resolve to join them again in a year's time.

Editorial

MARCH 11, 1944.

CENSORSHIP OF MAILS

THE revelations at Canberra of interference with private mails within Australia came as a shock to many people.

Citizens are accustomed to censorship of mails for overseas or to men and women in the Services, but the idea of a gossip little epistle to Aunt Jane or an intimate family letter to a sister or mother in another town being opened had never occurred to many people.

Small wonder if the pens of letter-writers ran dry all over Australia this week.

In time of war, the citizen gives up willingly many of the rights and privileges of peacetime.

One of the most cherished rights he sacrifices is the sanctity of his mail.

Though all may sympathise with sweethearts whose love letters to and from the battlefronts must be coned by a cold official eye, no one denies the need for such wartime measures.

Even within Australia, the authorities must have power to examine the mail of suspected persons or organisations, and to investigate any sort of activity that appears sinister.

In the course of such investigations many an innocent letter might be opened.

But the public is entitled to demand that such interference with letters is reduced to the minimum necessary to safety; that censorship personnel be chosen with the greatest possible care; and that information gained from letters be used or promulgated only when security demands it.

Freedom to exchange news, views, and grumbles in privacy is vital to democracy.

—THE EDITOR.

Nurses visit lonely island missions

They are popular passengers with small boat crews

Tribute to the nurses who visit island missions to look after the health of the island inhabitants is paid by Cpl. T. E. Roberts, member of a Water Transport Unit.

"These girls are well named as angels, the lads respect and worship them in these parts," he writes to his mother in Collaroy, N.S.W.

THIS beautiful morning finds us under way, a few minutes' run out from last port of call—a wonderful village and mission station.

"We spent three days and nights here, and, believe me, we had a wonderful time. I made many friends with the natives.

"Every visitor who treats them well is like a new brother and treated as such—'Balla' to you.

"In a couple of hours we drop anchor at another island village.

"We have a doctor and dentist, also nurses with us, who tend to the welfare of the natives every few weeks.

"The nurses have been grand throughout the trip. These girls are honestly well named as angels, for the lads respect and worship them in these parts. They never fail to have a bright word on their lips for the Digger.

"We saw a native ceremony—a night of singing praises to a couple from a nearby island.

"The folk massed along the beach and walked slowly through the trees, men first singing hymns, and finally came out on the 'peace grounds,' where the couple mentioned sat on a mat.

"All then filed up and placed their gifts at the guests' feet—mats, skirts, calico, money, and fruit.

"The male, having received the gifts, took the floor and spoke in a heart-breaking voice of his gratitude and the wonderful things that had befallen him in his stay at the mission. He would never forget, nor his people, these blessings.

"I have no doubt that he was sincere, for these people keep faith in God and the laws of their councilors—they are Christians indeed.

"A little plesaniny named Daisy Mabel, about four years old, was chosen to come and kiss me for all the girls on the mission, and how shy she was at that, just one kiss on the cheek, and off in a cloud of sand."

F/O. Lewis Marriott, serving in a Coastal Command squadron with the R.A.F., to his parents at 119 Days Rd., Grange, Brisbane:

"As we needed a rest, we went to Scotland, where Lady MacRobert has opened one of her enormous mansions at the foot of the Highlands to be used by Air Force personnel on leave.

"It is called Alastrian House, and is about 12 miles north-west of Aberdeen.

"The place is magnificent. It is modern in design, has three floors, and about 50 rooms.

"There are billiard-rooms, and in the grounds there is a miniature golf course.

"Cycles were also provided, so we did a fair amount of exploring. The Highlands are grand.

"I visited Lady MacRobert's home, a beautiful mansion. She is



EIGHTEEN AUSTRALIANS are in this group of Empire Air Training boys in Canada. Others in the group are Canadians and Englishmen. Photo sent by F. O'Ryan (extreme right, back row) to Mrs. O'Ryan, Fivedock, N.S.W.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For letter extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

the most remarkable person I have ever had the good fortune to meet.

"She is a very keen Show farmer and botanist. Her gardens contain flowers and plants from all parts of the world.

"Now she has only one interest in life, and that is her 'Reply' to the enemy for taking her three sons, all killed in the R.A.F.

"You have no doubt heard of MacRobert's Reply."

"After conversation with her, one cannot help being inspired with terrific enthusiasm to go and destroy the enemy."

"In 1941 Lady Rachel MacRobert gave £25,000 to the British Air Ministry to purchase a Stirling bomber to avenge the loss of her three sons. It was named 'MacRobert's Reply.' The following year she gave £20,000 for four fighters to be used on fronts where they would help Russia."

Pte. S. J. Corbett, in a convalescent camp, to Miss D. Short and other members of the comforts fund of a city firm, Sydney:

"I WAS wounded as I was running across the ten yards of beach to the cover of the trees. One of my mates got hit by the same sniper.

"Our platoon stretcher-bearer started to fix me. The sniper fired again, and killed another stretcher-bearer who was fixing my mate.

"Scout Love (our beaver) picked up my rifle and fired five or six shots into the trees. They found the Jap there dead when daylight came.

"I owe my life to Scout for his brave deed. He could just as easily have run to the safe cover of the trees."

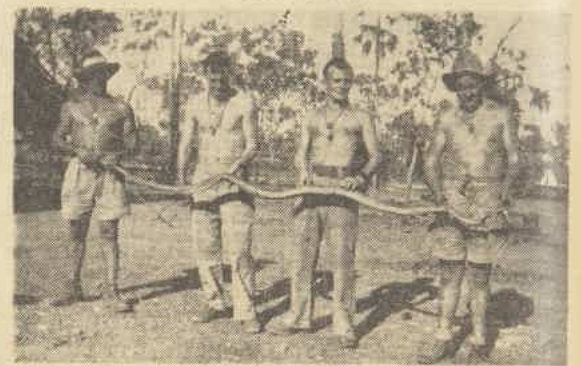
"I also owe my life to the doctors who operated on me so successfully.

"As I was being carried to the medical dressing-station the Jap bombers came over.

"One of the stretcher-bearers lay over the top of me until they were gone.

"I take my hat off to these men who risk their lives to save the helpless.

"I was hit through the left side of



PYTHON SHOT NEAR DARWIN displayed proudly by Pte. H. V. Butcher (extreme left) and three of his mates. Photo sent in by his sister, Mrs. A. Marchant, Nimbin, N.S.W.

my chest. The bullet went in just above my armpit and came out halfway down my back, near the spine. It perforated my lung and abdomen.

"But it has all healed up now, and the doctor told me I will not be affected in any way.

"It is easy to die, but a big fight to live, and the main thing that made me fight to get better quickly was that I knew Mum was worrying so much. It is a lot harder on the folk back home than it is on me."

Pte. Cairne, in Darwin, to Miss Melva Koenig, Murray Bridge, S.A.:

"MY cobbler took an old photo of me to the chemist and asked him did he think he could reprint it, minus the hat.

"The chemist said, 'I think I can manage that all right, but what side does he part his hair on?'

"Mac said, 'Don't be a fool; you'll find out when you take his hat off.'"

Books still needed for men of C.C.C.

Books, up-to-date magazines, and table games are still urgently needed for men working in the Civil Constructional Corps in remote areas.

In many camps the men have nothing whatever to do in their spare time, and the appeal is being made to provide them with some facilities for recreation.

"IF we can collect another 1200 books we can be sure that there will be a library for every camp in the Northern Territory, Queensland, and the Far North," said an official of the Allied Works Council welfare committee.

When the men have read all the books in their particular library they exchange it with the nearest camp as soon as transport is available.

The committee has received many

appreciative letters from men in camps where books have already arrived.

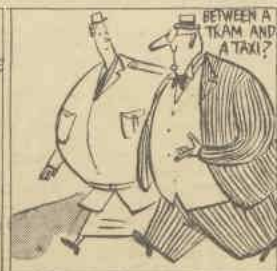
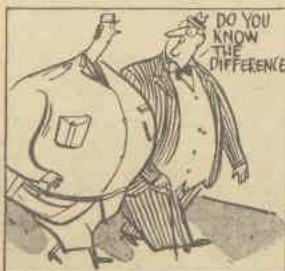
"Reading material is a very essential factor toward breaking the monotony of camp life," one personnel officer writes, "and I need hardly say that any further contributions will be as warmly received as the last one."

If you have even only one book of up-to-date magazine you can spare, send it or take it to the A.W.C. office in your city.

Country people can send their parcels by rail to their nearest capital city, and the welfare committee will pay the cost of freight. Send parcels to Room 201, Third Floor, Rickard House, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

On our cover

AUSTRALIA'S first High Commissioner to India, Lieutenant-General Sir Iain Mackay, appears on our cover this week, in a photograph by Robert Cleland, The Australian Women's Weekly's colour photographer.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

POWERFUL planetary influences can affect the fortunes of many people now. There may be changes in the lives of people who feel their affairs are quite stabilised, and unexpected opportunities are likely to open up for others. Groups most likely to benefit in the coming week are those born under the signs Scorpio and Cancer. Virgo, however, must try to dodge losses and troubles, and Gemini and Sagittarius must beware of indiscretions, obstacles, and worry.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): March 7 after 8 p.m. can be moderately helpful. On March 8 be cautious. March 11 to 13 poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Avoid impulsiveness and exaggerated hopes on March 7, early 8, 13, and 14. Other days poor, too. A week for routine.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be very guarded, for small troubles can develop into big ones just now, especially if aided by your inherent tendency toward impulsiveness, nervous worry, and indiscreet speech or writings. Adverse on March 8 (after midday), March 9, 10, and 14.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): March 7 may produce unexpected opportunities or pleasure after 8 p.m. March 9 and 10 tricky. On March 13 avoid rashness. March 14 noon poor, balance fair, but dodge decisions, contracts, or unwise statements.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): After dusk on March 7 very fair; also after 4 p.m. on March 11 and 12. Rest of week poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A difficult week, so be extremely cautious, patient, and wise. Keep to routine tasks as much as possible, especially on March 8 (noon), March 9 (adverse), March 10 (adverse), March 14 (tricky).

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): March 7 after dusk can be mildly helpful and pleasing. Also March 11 after 4 p.m. March 12 after 4 p.m., and March 13 to 9 a.m.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): March 2 and 10 very tricky, so be extremely guarded. Good fortune should come then. March 17 helpful, especially after 4 p.m. March 19 helpful after 4 p.m.; March 12 very good to 9 a.m., and fair thereafter, but avoid rashness and over-confidence.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Take no risks of any kind; avoid changes, discord, or obstructions. Be patient and wise. Especially March 8 (noon), March 9 (adverse), March 10 (adverse).

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): March 2 to 10 may benefit a few Capricorns in a small way, but routine tasks will prove your best bet this week. March 11 to 14 tricky.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Routine best just now, though March 11 (evening), March 12 (evening), and March 13 (to 9 a.m.) slightly helpful.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Plan ahead for better results than are likely just now, and get competitive routine work in hand. March 7 (evening) possibly best period of week; March 11 and 12 (evening), March 13 (especially to 9 a.m.) all very fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"What makes you so sure he's a bachelor?"
"I heard him say he's still got some clothing coupons left."



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is in danger of losing

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, who has been tricked into signing a contract with

SHARPY: A wrestling manager. Sharpy has Lothar featured in a fight with Killer, top-flight wrestler, who, knowing the Nubian

fighter only when angry, makes friends with him. At first Lothar does not try, but after the first round Mandrake points out that Killer is making a fool of him. Infuriated, Lothar returns to the ring, badly manhandles his opponent, and renders him unconscious. He then declares he is going to quit wrestling. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED



AIR FORCE. British Waafs, on duty in India, being interviewed by correspondents. Flt-Officer Margaret Maude (right) and Sgt. Winifred Oakes are two of the only four Waafs in India.



NAVY. WRENS in their tropical kit being addressed by Second-Officer Betty Archdale. They served in Singapore, then at Colombo and other eastern stations.



ARMY. ATS in the Middle East are noted for their splendid work in the servicing of vehicles. These girls are just completing a camouflage job.

British servicewomen are seeing the world

Line of duty takes them to tropics and snows

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON, of our London office

Every day for the last three months there has been a trickle of sun-tanned servicewomen through the Ministries of Whitehall. In desert-stained battle-dress, tropical kit, flying helmets, or high fur boots, they're returning after their two years' service abroad.

These girls are Afs, Waafs, and Wrens whose postings overseas have taken them from Mombasa to Alaska, from Bermuda to Basra. They've followed our Armies from Alamein to Tunis and into Italy, they've flown with the Air Force from desert waste to ice-bound field, and they've worked with the Navy wherever a British ship puts into port.

THEIR numbers have multiplied as their duties have increased. They've played a large part in every war operation, been trusted with many secrets, worked for every conference from Casablanca to Teheran.

Of course, before the first Waaf flew to a snowbound hut in Newfoundland to establish R.A.F. communications, British nurses had followed our fighting men to many fronts.

Twelve of the 400 W.A.A.F. officers serving abroad are in Italy, where they spend their leisure hours on a "See For Yourself" tour.

They've "seen" Italy many hundreds of times before, for they are photographic interpretation officers. Their first sight-seeing tour was of Poggia in the company of pilots who had bombed vital road and rail junctions.

Desert posts

"THESE girls are great fun as escorts," I was told, "for there isn't an overturned truck or a place of interest they can't find in a few minutes."

W.A.A.F. Intelligence Officers have travelled thousands of miles leaping in tents in Benghazi, in ancient forts in Cyrenaica, and on lonely desert airfields in the Middle East. Flight-Officer Maureen Meharg

said: "We moved with the desert airfield and became part of it."

She married Wing-Commander Meharg, D.F.C., when on leave in Cairo.

So wild was one airfield near Abyssinia where some Waafs were stationed that they were surrounded by uncivilised natives who wore no clothes, baboons, elephants, and weird birds.

So scattered is personnel that Group-Officer Wynne-Eyton, C.B.E., in charge of W.A.A.F. Middle East, has flown 30,000 miles to see them.

Waafs attached to Transport Command get a lot of flying. Their work takes them from the Bahamas (where the Duke and Duchess of Windsor make a point of entertaining them) to Bermuda, from South Carolina to Labrador.

Flight-Officer Elizabeth Proctor, married daughter of Air Vice-Marshal O. G. Lywood, C.B.E., left Britain just before Dunkirk on a secret mission which was to pioneer the way for hundreds of Waafs who have since gone overseas to airfields used by Transport Command.

"For some time we'd be on airfields so far north a plane was our only means of communication. We have lovely flying kit, and travel everywhere by service plane," she said.

"Sometimes we lived in huts, and one day would have to dig ourselves out and ski to work, and next day we'd be bathing at Bermuda."

Second-Officer Betty Archdale, of



IN EGYPT, an English member of the W.A.A.F. makes the traditional off-duty tour by camel to see the Sphinx.

W.R.N.S., recently returned from abroad:

"We wore evening dress at night always," she told me, "because it's cooler, and makes a complete break from work, but mainly because the long skirts keep the mosquitoes from biting our legs."

Betty, who was administrative officer of the first draft of Wrens to go abroad, added proudly: "We had no malaria and little illness, though we worked in Singapore, Colombo, Mombasa, and Basra."

Well known as a cricketer, Betty captained the English women's cricket team which came to Australia in 1934. She is a barrister in Chivy Street, and was awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year's Honors list.

"We expected Australian Wrens to join us at Singapore, where we worked at the wireless station. When the Japs advanced down Malaya, we got away to Colombo before the fall of Singapore."

Nearly half the Wrens who went

abroad with Betty Archdale married while away.

"Wherever we were stationed, the girls had a hectic social life, but it never interfered with their work."

"They worked in four-hour watches for 24 hours, then had 24 hours off. Chinese amahs at Singapore were wonderful. They cooked, laundered, did everything for us."

"It wasn't so comfortable at Colombo, but we were getting used to eastern food, and could supervise the cooking ourselves."

No salt for week

"AT Mombasa, stores were very low, and for a whole week we had no salt, which is a hardship only those who have been without salt will understand."

"At Basra, there was always excitement in the air—even though the temperature soared round 120— for planes would touch down with important passengers for India, and we would hope to catch sight



MEMBERS OF WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICE show Empire servicemen their way round on leave. Experienced women of the W.V.S. are to be posted abroad to run canteens, hostels, and recreation-rooms.



KISSING THE GIRLS GOOD-BYE has a new meaning in this war when many servicemen go far from homes and husbands after joining up. No servicewoman may be posted to area where her husband is stationed.

of some notable figure whose trip would perhaps alter the whole course of the war."

There are so many Wrens now serving abroad that the Admiralty sends hairdressers where the local beauty parlors charge prohibitive prices.

Wrens work as Fleet Mail Officers, handling letters for H.M. ships. They give merchantmen their course from charts; act as boarding officers, taking confidential books and sailing directions to captains.

From the harbor at Alexandria to the highest mountains of Lebanon, Wrens can be seen in their white skirts and blouses and sun-helmets, while navy-clad Wrens at Washington, St. John, and Leam-land ports work with the British Navy abroad.

Their kit, supplied by the Admiralty, includes a pair of seamen's trousers and a water bottle, but it's probably the softly feminine evening frocks which find most favor as popular Wrens come off watch and carry the torch of femininity right into the officers' mess.

Followed 8th Army

WEARING the North Africa Star, 2800 members of the A.T.S. are proud to have followed the Eighth Army in its glorious conquest of North Africa.

Junior-Commander Penelope Ode won the M.B.E. for her work in commanding an ambulance company that, day and night in all conditions, carried the Eighth's casualties.

Now 3000 Afs wait their call to Italy to serve again with the soldiers; they've matched in courage and cheerfulness for so long.

The Afs have to a large extent taken the place of men in the R.A.S.C., and they've handled over thousands of lorries, staff cars, and other vehicles to Eighth Army drivers.

One outstanding girl has driven a record number of miles without an accident.

At the main railway station in Cairo it is an A.T.S. girl who is R.T.O., and she knows every service hostel in town.

As messing officer at a base camp, Junior-Commander R. M. Cotton Kennedy feeds two thousand men at a time.

Junior-Commander Cameton Smith is assistant director of work in Eritrea, where Italians must register. She hands out the jobs.

A.T.S. Maintenance squads think nothing of working all night long by flares to repair vehicles, and have been known to go under fire to return them to the Army.

Of the nurses on hospital ships at naval bases and following the Army, few have returned to Britain yet to tell their stories.

In mobile surgical units they go immediately behind the front line, and I heard from a naval officer a story of nurses who went right under fire at Oran.

New among uniforms abroad will be seen the green and wine of the Women's Voluntary Service. Lady Reading is sending her helpers abroad to look after the troops in so great numbers as can be released from the home front.

One restriction that applies to all women serving abroad is—they must not have a husband in the same area.

Schoolchildren pick grapes for 1956 champagne



SCHOOLCHILDREN are helping to gather the vintage this year because of manpower shortage. Joan Kenaghan, 12, daughter of an aircraft worker; Doreen Fink, 11, a farmer's daughter, picking Chasselas grapes for champagne.



DISCHARGED FROM ARMY after two years in Darwin, Fellie MacHughes gives two schoolboys a lesson in grape-picking. Experienced pickers average 90 buckets of grapes a day, enough for 80 gallons of champagne. This year's vintage will be sold in 1956.



LOADING GRAPES on to the cart, George Besant and George Western, under the experienced eye of Driver H. Baxter, who has been a vineyard worker for sixteen years. Minchinburg vineyard, Rooty Hill, N.S.W., celebrates its centenary this year with best grape crop for six years.



TAKING HARVEST HOME. "Tiger" takes grapes and children back to cellar. Two horses make fifteen trips a day between the crop and cellars during the three weeks that the picking lasts. Pickers are paid at the rate of 3d. per bucket. Extension of grape-growing for the wine industry is part of the Government's post-war reconstruction scheme.

Continuing . . . Wings To Beat

from page 5

"You'll no longer need a lamp," she said.

A ghostly voice answered her from the tomb of the resurrected radio. "—a candle even would do. A dark, evil glow rests upon this accursed house. How heavily it presses. Oh, for a friendly beam of light—" "He's late coming in," grinned Don, "but he's making up for it."

She smiled and switched the radio off.

There was no hurry to get back to Terry now. He lingered.

"Well, how are you liking this part of the world?"

"I like it a lot."

He nodded. "You soon shake down don't you. You arrive a perfect stranger, and in no time it's Dawn this and Don that—" He saw her surprised, amused look and amended the statement. "Well, perhaps it's not as swift as that. But you know what I mean."

"I know two or three of the officers," she said. "That helps."

He said, "You know Van Groot, I understand."

"I met him while I was staying in Singapore last year. I knew him awfully well."

"A fine chap Van Groot," he said.

She frowned prettily. "Just at the moment he doesn't rate very high with me," she confessed. "He was going to take me over to the monastery again on Sunday, but he just came over to tell me he can't go."

Don remembered Dutchy's remark and tried his luck. "I'm dead keen on seeing the place. Couldn't we go together?"

She hesitated for only a moment and then smiled.

"I'd love to," she said.

He rode his luck while it was good. "While O'Daniel is here I'm at a loose end," he said. "Do you think as a special favor to a lonely man we could do a show together to-morrow night?"

She answered this instantly. "Why not?" she smiled.

"Thanks so much," he said. And then, elated as he was, he remem-

bered something he simply had to find out. "I was coming to ask you that last night," he told the fib quite easily. "But I saw you strolling around with somebody—Van Groot, I think—and so I burned back."

"Last night?" she repeated, and puckered up her brow. He watched her closely, saw her face clear. She said with a frank laugh: "I'm afraid I can't remember. Dutchy was here—but so were several others."

Don remembered that the junior officers had a weakness for beauty. She would have plenty of callers. He felt ashamed of his falsehood.

Then a bell summoned her, and with a friendly nod she was gone.

There was not much traffic on the road back to the station. Don only lifted the car along, stretching out the evening to its utmost limits.

Dawn had been sitting upright, but now she sank back into the corner and sighed, contented.

"The thanks of a lonely man go out to you," Don told her. "I hope you didn't find me too dull."

"You haven't been lonely long enough to be dull," she said gravely. "But I'm normally deep and silent." He was watching her, but she gave no sign that she understood his meaning.

"I wouldn't have thought you were a silent type," she said demurely.

"Among my enemies," stated Don, "I'm considered a cagey sort who bears watching."

She said with grave surprise, "I didn't think you would have any enemies—not personal ones."

He sensed that she knew full well now what he was getting at. He thought, "Shall I risk a crash and ask her all about it, or shall I back down?" He thought it would be more wise and delicate to retreat.

Then suddenly the windshield exploded in his face. He felt a fragment of glass plough down his cheek and heard Dawn cry out.

His foot went down instinctively on the accelerator. He was staring stupidly at the jagged hole in the windshield just to the right of his head. He heard something clang against the bonnet.

"Bolts," he muttered. And then, incredulously, "Bullets—"

He glanced swiftly at Dawn. She was on the floorboards now, clawing frantically at his knee, urging him to keep low. He felt a surge of relief that she was safe. The rear window shattered, and he heard the whine and smack of the departing bullet going through the roof.

He shouted back at Dawn, "Keep down yourself!" The thought that her terror had been all for him was like wine, intoxicating.

The ugly impacts had ceased. But now the engine of the car was spluttering and kicking; the accelerator had lost its control.

The car was jerking to a standstill. He leaned over and switched off the engine, and the lights with it.

He said quickly, "The ship's torpedoed. We'll have to take to the boats. The chap with the rifle will guess what's happened and will come after us—"

He was opening the door at her side while he was speaking. She scrambled to her feet, dropped to the road, and was round in front of the car by the time he scrambled out.

"Not that way," he said urgently, "we'll be cut off. We'll have to go to earth, and steal up to a point opposite the gates. I wish the stars weren't quite so bright—"

He was looking back along the road. The stars made night almost like day. He took her by the arm, and hurried through the scrub at the side of the road.

He kept between her and the road. They made straight for a dry gully which he had seen from the air. It curved and twisted, finally passing beneath a bridge beyond the station. Once they were in it they could follow it down to a point close to the guardhouse.

The gully had steep sides like those of a gigantic crevice caused by soil erosion. They had to skid rather perilously down into it, reaching the bottom somewhat bruised and dishevelled. Don took Dawn firmly by the arm, and began marching her along.

Dawn said rather breathlessly, "You're getting a lot of attention for a lonely man. What is all this shouting about?"

"It's that attention I'm uneasy about now," he replied. "It made me lonely."

"They're the enemies who think you are cagey. Did they think Mr. O'Daniel cagey, too?"

Was she mocking him? He couldn't be sure.

He thought he might ask a question or two himself. He looked down at her, and for the first time noticed a dark patch on her face close to her temple. He said, deeply concerned, "You're hurt. You've got an ugly bruise right on your temple. It's a wonder it didn't stun you—"

"Don't bother about me," she said. "I'm all right—oh, listen—"

She held up her hand suddenly. Don heard the noise, too—a slithering, rattling sound that was all too familiar. Somebody was chuting down the bank lower down, behind them.

"Come on," she whispered, "I never want to return to hospital on a stretcher."

The bottom of the gully was sandy; the occasional rocks easily avoided. Their feet made no noise. Don took Dawn's elbow and helped her along. They covered a mile this way, then Don thought they had better take to the open.

He kept his eyes open for an escape, and at length halted in front of a cut that had been washed out by stormwater. The silt of the wash had made the incline less steep and the surface corrosion looked as if it might provide grips and footholds.

He whispered, "We mightn't get out as fast as we got in. But the passage shouldn't be quite so rough. You go first. I'll help you up."

She went up obediently. Half-way to the top she had to get on her hands and knees.

"When we get back," he promised her, "I will apologise most humbly for this violent evening. You won't want to come out with me again."

"Not until you've changed your enemies," she said, with a rueful little laugh.

She reached up and gripped the lip of the cut.

"Don't stand up when you're clear," he cautioned her, glancing anxiously round. "Just roll over while I look around."

She gave a kick and scrambled out. He followed. Over the paddocks he could see the lights of the station. It seemed incredible that they should be glimmering so tranquilly.

They got on their feet, walked briskly, and went through the fence which skirted the road. Don heard wires twanging when he was crossing the road a little way behind Dawn—then a clink beneath his feet. His foot had kicked a metal object which rattled on the hard surface. He bent down and picked it up.

It was a crown and eagle badge from the shoulder strap of an officer's uniform, the summer drab uniform or the working dress of shirt and shorts. He put it thoughtfully into his pocket, without mentioning it.

The station stood some distance back from the road, and Don's idea was to circle round and approach it from the back.

They were deep into the paddock when they heard the sound of a car coming along the road from the direction of the town. Further along the road it suddenly stopped, turned, and after a minute or so it went back the way it had come. It showed no curiosity towards Don's car, which it must have passed and repassed, and that struck Don as strange.

"I'd like to have that chap's number," he muttered.

Dawn asked: "Do you think he was picking up our friends?"

"Suspicious behavior all round," said Don, "I'd give anything for one peep inside."

"Whom would you expect to find inside?"

He gave her a long look. The question was much too off-handed.

He said grimly, "I wouldn't be surprised at anything now. I'd suspect my closest friend. They had their plans well laid. They knew I would be returning to the station to-night—"

"You were probably seen in town. They knew you wouldn't keep me out all night."

"Of course," he said. But he couldn't get it out of his head that somebody was well informed about his plans—somebody who was ruthless enough not to care what happened to his companion.

He wished he could ask her what she knew. The happenings of the past had probably made him suspicious, but the words that Terry had overheard had sounded very significant to his ears. Whom had she been talking to. There was only one person—

But could that person be so indifferent to her fate? Could a monk? Or an officer?

Dawn had turned away. He thought of her injury and came to life.

"What a brute I am," he seized her by the arm. His penitence made him urgent, but tender. "Here I am wasting time glooming when I should be getting you home."

They moved on again. She said: "I'm wondering whether there'll be enough sticking plaster to go around. Your face is a sight."

"It's the first time I've been shaved with a piece of glass, and massaged with dirt before." With his free hand he touched his face tenderly. "I'm glad you saw it before the operation," he said modestly.

She looked it over professionally. "You'll probably need a stitch or two."

"I'll leave it in your work basket," he said. "When you get tired of knitting you can pick it up and do some tatting. From now on it'll be parked in the hospital a lot in any case."

She said nothing to that, but she was smiling.

Crossing to the mess in the morning, Don was accosted by a young man who introduced himself as a reporter. Don groaned.

"All right, Mr. Rooke," the young man grinned. "I'm going shortly. I've seen the dee and a couple of service police who went out looking for the gunmen last night. I just want your story."

"Oh, do you. Well, you'd better see the C.O. before you write a line."

"There'd be no harm in giving me your story in the meanwhile," the reporter suggested.

Animal Antics



"It's a waste of time, I tell you. I'll only get dirty again!"

Don looked at him curiously. The story of Owens' death had been given out as an accident. Nothing had been said about Terry's misadventure, and whatever gossip had leaked out about that and other incidents had apparently not reached the ears of the provincial newspapermen. This was his first visit, and Don was curious about it.

"How did you get on to it?" he asked.

"Oh, a fellow coming in from Nabuka was stopped up the road a bit early this morning by a tender that was turning and blocking his way. He saw your car, and thought there'd been a crash, and was curious to know whether anybody had been hurt, and whether he knew them. Your fellows weren't answering any questions and towed the car off. This fellow drove on and just outside the town picked up Charlie. He's a half-caste, works down the road on a piggery."

"Charlie was in a panic. He'd been walking home. You must have just passed him when the shooting started. He was scared stiff, turned around, and made off back to town. I was having supper in the snack-bar when the fellow brought him in for some coffee, so I got the whole works red hot."

"I suppose the whole town is buzzing with the story this morning."

"It's Sunday," grinned the reporter. "It's a good day for cheering over a sensation. When I pulled out this morning I saw Charlie with a team around him."

Don nodded.

"All right," he said, "I'll see what I can do for you later."

He found Bloom having breakfast apart from the few officers who were there. He was dressed in an old suit he had hastily doctored when the orderly sergeant had roused him from sleep with the story of the attack.

"You're mighty chirpy for one who's been out up and rolled over overnight," he growled at Don. "Why couldn't you have got closer to that car and seen its color or its make? That would have narrowed things down plenty."

Don shrugged his shoulders, and then, as if suddenly making up his mind, he produced the crown-and-eagle badge and placed it before Bloom.

"We crossed the road just about where I reckoned the first shots were fired. This was lying on the road, and I kicked it. It mightn't mean a thing, but it could quite easily have been dropped from a moving car. The pins sometimes work loose—"

Bloom had picked it up. To Don's surprise he did not seem impressed.

"It's Van Groot's," he said. "He came in from town yesterday, and I heard some of the fellows chipping him for being undressed. He stuck a notice on the board about it being lost."

He handed it back to Don, who took it doubtfully, a little staggered at the offhandedness of its return.

Bloom was saying, "I'm not looking for an officer, nor a monk."

"Oh," Don said curtly. "Do you know whom you're looking for, anyway?"

Bloom's face suddenly broke into a grin. "Sure," he said, "I know."

"Who is it then?"

"It'd be a shame to tell you. You love a bit of mystery, don't you?"

To be continued

EASTERN CARAVAN

Dramatisations of Eastern legends. Join us on our journeys to the East . . . India, China, Tibet, Persia, Egypt, and Arabia . . .

FRI., 7.15 p.m.

2GB



World Singers

Hear the complete recorded repertoire of world-famous singers . . . Nelson Eddy . . . Richard Crooks and others . . . each artist will be featured in turn for a period of weeks.

2GB

Thurs.
8.45 p.m.



Film Reviews

HIS BUTLER'S SISTER

THIS film is a standard Deanna Durbin show, so audiences can be assured of frothy entertainment and plenty of music, and perhaps a little overmuch of the latter. Deanna has lost none of her vitality and youthful charm, but the singing sequences are notably overlong, and pull badly towards the end of the film.

The story is a trite little affair featuring Deanna as an ambitious young singer, who catches in on the fact that her brother (Pat O'Brien), is better to famous composer (Franchot Tone), and succeeds in bluffing her way into the maid's job.

Franchot Tone is an agreeable, though slightly bewildered, hero, and Walter Catlett neatly handles some obvious comedy material.

Sophisticates will probably scorn this little Cinderella romance, but the majority will find it light-hearted and refreshing fare.—*Slate*; showing.

HANGMEN ALSO DIE

THIS United Artists film is a suspense-packed and fast-paced drama concerning the hunt for the assassin of Heydrich the Hangman, Nad Protector in Czechoslovakia. At times the story lacks conviction, but the smartly selected cast is rarely at a loss. Brian Donlevy, as Czech underground leader, is honest and dominating, and he receives strong support from Anna Lee (who looks sweetly pretty), Walter Brennan, and Gene Lockhart.

This film has little to offer that is new; in fact, it follows closely the same somewhat dreary pattern of all occupied-country films, but at least it makes an effort to present a few original slants, and succeeds in being a convincing and slick show, mainly through the smart presentation of producer Arnold Pressburger.—*Plaza*; showing.



AT A BRITISH North African Military Hospital, English comedian George Formby and his wife, Beryl, visit a Canadian Air Force casualty recovering from wounds sustained in the Sicily campaign. George proved to be one of the most popular artists in these entertainment tours.

FIRST COMES COURAGE

COLUMBIA's touching love story is set in Occupied Norway against a background of drama, intrigue, and action.

The theme features Merle Oberon as the courageous woman who marries a high-ranking Nazi official (Carl Esmond), even though her heart belongs to Brian Aherne, a brave young British commando.

Despite the tragedy which surrounds her, Miss Oberon manages to look outstandingly glamorous, but she plays her dramatic role with rather too much restraint.

The tempo is fast-paced, and the story builds up well to a stirring climax with a commando raid that is one of the most exciting and realistic sequences brought to the screen.—*Mayfair*; showing.

DANGEROUS BLONDES

THIS tale had possibilities of becoming an intriguing murder mystery, but badly bungled direc-

tion has concealed its good points under a cloak of confusion and verbosity.

Evelyn Keyes, Anita Louise, and Ann Savage are the blondes in the piece—presumably all dangerous—and Allyn Joelyn, Edmund Lowe, and John Hubbard help to baffle the patrons.

Action centres round a commercial photography studio, where the first victim is dramatically slain, and from then on corpses arrive at regular intervals.—*Capitol* and *Cameo*; showing.

Actor's widow receives letter from Queen

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

MRS. WILLIAM GARGAN has received a letter from her close friend, Mrs. Leslie Howard, saying that she had a personal letter of condolence from Queen Mary on Howard's tragic death, in which she said that none had died a braver death. It is believed that he was on a special mission for England when he was shot down.

THE Hollywood Canteen celebrated the 26th birthday of the Soviet Red Army with two Soviet sailors assisting Bette Davis to cut a huge birthday cake with a Kosak sword.

THE film colony was aghast when Joan Fontaine announced that she may give up her screen career because she feels that two acting careers in one family is a bad idea. Joan thinks her first consideration should be for husband, Brian Aherne. Joan is under contract to do the MGM film, "Forever," but then may retire.

WHEN Paulette Goddard left for her camp tour of North Africa, her luggage consisted of only one small wicker basket containing five pounds weight in clothes. When singing and dancing for the boys, Paulette will wear only shorts and sunsuits, with flowers in her hair. Accompanying her on this tour is accordionist Andy Arcari, who visited Australia with Gary Cooper's party.

DUE to alleged story trouble, the Sister Kenny film has been delayed again, and it is now thought that owing to other commitments Rosalind Russell may not be able to play the title role. Warners are reputed to be negotiating with RKO to release Barbara Stanwyck to fill the role.

SEVERE storms in Hollywood recently flooded many of the stars' homes. Penny Singleton was completely marooned, and unable to broadcast her weekly Blondie show, so her friend, Florence Lake, substituted. Deanna Durbin's sister had no electricity, so appeared three times daily at the star's dressing-room to sterilise the baby's bottles. Errol Flynn's house is completely equipped with electrical gadgets, so when the power failed the servants had to cook meals at the dining-room fireplace.

VIENNESE stars Hedy Lamarr and Paul Henreid will be reunited in Warners' "The Conspirators." These two made their debut in Vienna with Max Reinhardt productions.

SURPRISING as it is, glamorous Marlene Dietrich is spending all her spare time practising the musical saw for a forthcoming camp tour.

TO celebrate their fourth wedding anniversary, William Powell presented Diana Lewis with a tricky little clock and note which read: "Four years ago we signed a contract. You are hereby notified that I have just exercised my option on the next forty years." At present Diana and Bill are holidaying at Palm Springs.

Popular singers for new radio features

Two new additions to the 2GB programme are "World Singers," every Thursday night at 8.45, and "Songstars," every Friday at 9.30.

"World Singers" brings listeners favorite recorded artists in their most popular numbers. Four songs will be featured in each session.

THE show will concentrate on one artist at a time, giving listeners an opportunity of hearing a complete repertoire of songs by that singer.

Each singer will be featured for a period of weeks, the period depending entirely on the known appeal of the artists' popular numbers.

Artists such as Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks will set the standard. Each will have a "season," and will be followed by another world-famous singer.

Eddy has proved that he is Australia's favorite, by winning twice in succession the "Star Barometer" competitions for the most popular recorded artist. Consequently, it will be interesting to see how he fares in the third competition, which closed on March 1.

In "Star Barometer" competitions listeners are asked to select their ten favorite singing stars on record, in order of preference.

The winner is the person whose list coincides with, or is nearest to, the final points score. If more than one person sends in the correct answer, the prize-money, £10, is divided.

Eddy will be followed by Richard Crooks, famous American tenor, who owes his outstanding success as much to his charm and personal appeal as to his glorious voice.

Richard Crooks secured second place in popularity in the first "Star Barometer" competition, though he slipped down a grade or two in the second competition.

Crooks, like many other famous singers, can tell a hard road to success story. He has risen from leaman to operatic star, one of the



JACK BURGESS, who came from Adelaide to station 2GB, Sydney, to be compere of shows including "Calling the Stars," "Rise and Shine," and "Rhythm Inn."

favorites of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

The second programme, "Songstars," which is heard every Friday night at 9.30, is another Jack Lumsdaine special.

It is a bright musical half-hour, written, compered, and produced by Jack Lumsdaine, and featuring Glen Marks and Charles Fields (pianists), Johnny Wade, Arthur Hannell, Hilda Farnillo, Robert Payne, and Norma Beattie.

Among highlights of the programme are duets by Robert Payne and Hilda Farnillo, and by Jack Lumsdaine and Norma Beattie.

"Songstars" also features Jack Lumsdaine's new number, "Budget-eers," which this versatile artist specially wrote as theme song for the programme.

Room for Two

Continued from page 4

ELLIOTT was gone. He must have known she'd come home out of the storm, and she was filled with gratitude at his thoughtfulness as she crawled, shivering, into bed.

The next thing she knew there was sunlight in her eyes and Elliott was shaking her. "Trudy!" There was concern in his voice. "It's after eight! You should be—Good Lord!" He broke off as Trudy's heavy eyes opened in her feverish face. "Trudy, you're sick!"

She was vaguely aware of him charging around, then she obediently swallowed the aspirin and tasteless hot lemonade he'd concocted. She sat up when he mentioned calling Jeff. "No! Not here! Oh, no!"

He stood there helplessly. "But, Trudy, if you're sick he won't care about anything but getting you well."

"No, please!" His eyes were anxious and undecided. "I'll sleep on the sofa downstairs. Call if you want anything."

That was all she knew until afternoon, and Elliott was there again, his dressing-gown over his pyjamas. "Trudy, didn't—Were you here alone all day?"

She stared at him. "Of course—and I slept. I feel a lot better. Is that clock fast? It says five past four. Why, no." She glanced at her wrist-watch. "It is five past four."

"Gee!" He looked out of the window, then took a deep breath. "Well, we've got to do something. You'll have pneumonia if we don't." His face brightened. "I know. My mother always gave me hot mustard foot-baths for colds." He started for the door.

"Elliott! Oh, my goodness! Get Mrs. Banks!" she called after him, and heard his derisive laughter.

"Oh, yeah? We're on our own. Trudy. Our chaperon has deserted us. She's joined the ranks and got a job at the defence plant."

Trudy sank back on the pillow. This was too much. War effort or

no war effort, this was ridiculous.

Elliott came back with a dish—Trudy hoped it wasn't Mrs. Banks' dish-pan—a kettle of hot water, and a tin of mustard, obviously filched from the kitchen. He mixed the bath and tested it with his elbow and stood up. "Now, can you sit up on the edge of the bed?" His arm was strong, helping her up.

"Ouch! It's hot! Don't put in any more water!" she cried. "You don't have to—Oh!" She broke off, staring at Jeff in the doorway. She closed her eyes. So this was delirium. But when she opened them again, Jeff was still there; his face was a study in scarlet and he struggled vainly to find his voice.

Elliott followed her gaze to the door, and exclaimed, with relief in his voice: "Well, it's about time you got here!"

"Elliott!" Trudy couldn't believe her ears. "What do you mean? Oh, you didn't call him, did you?"

"Of course, I did." His voice was tired. "A guy can worry just so long and then he has to do something about it. You—"

"Gertrude!" Jeff found his voice. "Perhaps you can explain this." He came forward, his eyes raking over them, and every word was an indictment.

"Now, look here," Elliott took a quick step in front of Trudy.

"I am looking!" Jeff was breathing hard. "And may I ask what are you doing here?"

"I?" Elliott was indignant. "Why, I live here. I'm Trudy's room-mate!"

"Room-mate!" And the wall holding Jeff's anger broke. Trudy closed her eyes against the barrage of totally unsuspected words in Jeff's vocabulary. She tried to remember that this was the man she loved; that somewhere within that violent, raging creature was the man she was going to marry.

"That will do!" Elliott's voice cut through quiet and controlled, but it had a quality that stopped Jeff. "I ought to kick your teeth in, but for Trudy's sake, I won't."

Jeff turned to Trudy. "You are moving! We'll get married to-morrow and put an end to this nonsense!"

Nonsense? Someone not caring about anything but taking care of you? Elliott's laughter and gaiety, the companionship they had found at the lake? "Jeff, I—I—"

"Don't try to thank me, Gertrude. After we're married, I'll try to forget this."

"Just a minute," Elliott said. "You're forgetting something right now."

"What?"

"Me." There was a glint in Elliott's dark eyes as he turned to Trudy. "Do you want to marry this Court of Human Relations?"

Did she? What would it be—a lifetime with him suspicious of every word, questioning every laugh? Fear had held her to Jeff—that old childhood domination. She struggled to her feet, and Elliott stepped closer, the old teasing laughter in his eyes.

"You-get-out-of—here!" Jeff's words were spaced with rage. "Gertrude, send him away, once and for all!"

She looked from his angry face up into Elliott's twinkling eyes, and the question she saw there, behind the protective laughter, would take a rich and full lifetime to answer.

Jeff saw the look. "Did you hear me? Throw him out!"

Suddenly Trudy knew that this moment would never come again. You had only one chance. She took a deep breath and faced Jeff.

"You throw him out," she said sweetly.

Jeff's mouth opened, but no words came in the face of this heresy. He licked his lips uncertainly, his eyes darting from one to another.

"You heard her!" Elliott said sharply. "Throw me out!" He took a step forward and Jeff took a step backward. "If you don't know how, I'll show you. You do it just like this!" He picked up Jeff, and in three steps tossed him none too gently into the hall. He closed the door and turned the key.

Trudy opened her mouth—and sneezed. "I—this by cod's worse!"

"Trudy, I never expected to propose in pyjamas a la mustard, but, baby, even with a bad cold you're cute!"

Trudy sighed as his arms closed around her. This was where she belonged, this was what she wanted.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, March 8: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, March 9 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All These in Favour."

FRIDAY, March 10: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, March 11: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Forecast."

SUNDAY, March 12 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, March 13: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, March 14: "Musical Alphabet."



K.C.'s DAUGHTER. Dr. Ray Robinson and his bride, Pamela, daughter of Mr. Bryan Fuller, K.C. and Mrs. Fuller, of Killara, after their wedding at St. Stephen's.



JUST MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Westmacott, who were married last week. Mrs. Westmacott, formerly Joan Marks, is the only daughter of Mr. Walter Marks, former Minister for External Affairs, and the late Mrs. Marks, of Woollahra; and Hugh is the second son of Mr. Charles Rendel Westmacott and the late Mrs. Westmacott, of Cliford Downs, Carrathool, New South Wales.



MARRIED IN BRISBANE. Sergeant John Clayton, A.I.F., and his wife, formerly Susan Cameron, of Brisbane, lunch at Prince's on their honeymoon in Sydney. John is elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Hector Clayton, of Edgecliff.

On and off DUTY.

GROUP-OFFICER CLARE STEVENSON, director of W.A.A.A.F., travels up from Melbourne to be present at W.A.A.A.F. swimming carnival at Coogee Baths.

Carnival, which is second annual one to be arranged by W.A.A.A.F. Welfare and Sports Committee, is great success, and Group-Officer Stevenson, who presents the prizes, congratulates committee on the efficiency of the programme, and the record attendance.

Prizes are presented at the conclusion of each race to prevent congestion at end of the evening.

The Australian Women's Weekly Cup for inter-unit relay race is eagerly contested event. Cup, which was held by Bradford, was won this year by team from No. 2 Stores Depot. Members of the team are Sgt. J. M. Mitchell, Cpl. D. Riddan, Cpl. F. Lloyd, ACW's M. Fitzpatrick, P. Ohlback, and D. Cooper.

Section-Officer Mrs. Laurie Pay wins 50 yds. officers' free-style, repeating her last year's performance.

AFTER their marriage in Townsville, Pte. and Mrs. James Marshall Baugh come to Sydney to spend some leave with Mrs. Marshall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Meek, of St. Leonards.

Before her marriage Mrs. Baugh was Corporal Thelma Meek, W.A.A.A.F., and she met her husband when they were both stationed in same N.S.W. town.

Mrs. Baugh has now left the W.A.A.A.F., but will remain in Townsville until her husband, who is attached to the U.S. Army Air Corps, returns to America, when she plans to follow him.

Her husband is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph R. Baugh, of Toledo, Ohio.

AIDE to U.S. General Rilea, Captain William C. Cruikshank, announces his engagement to Nan O'Brien, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. O'Brien, of Vauluse.

Captain Cruikshank is the younger son of the late Mr. Alexander Cruikshank, and of Mrs. Cruikshank, of Barre, Vermont, Ohio.



ENGAGEMENT. Cpl. Margot Westworth Broughton, A.W.A.S., and fiance F/Sgt. Ivor Shearer. Margot, who is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. G. W. Broughton, is direct descendant of William Broughton, who accompanied Governor Phillip to Australia in 1788.



RED CROSS COMFORTS. Miss Lorna Robinson (right), Hospital Visitor, on her way to duty in Northern areas, is assisted by Red Cross Welfare workers Helen McIlraith (on truck) and Mrs. Margaret Fielding Jones to load comforts for troops.

BACK in town after a Melbourne honeymoon are Flight-Lieutenant Sam Wood, D.F.C., and his wife, formerly Sheelah Lyle.

Sheelah proudly displays diamond eternity ring which Sam has just given her.

LETTER from Mrs. James Delacour, of Wagga, tells of lovely little home there, and thriving Victory garden. Before her recent wedding to Staff-Sergeant Delacour she was Jo Tyndale, one of original hostesses at Arrows Club.

MISS LORNA McEWAN, acting chairman of dance committees of The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicemen, tells the Friday night dances and dances on Saturday afternoon have been so popular that the club has decided to extend the programme and arrange dances on Saturday nights as well.

First Saturday night dance will be held on March 11, and full orchestra will play.

Miss Phyllis Bate has accepted position of honorary dance director, and will be in charge of the entertainment.

WEDDING at St. Paul's, West Tamworth, for Ruth Hunt, A.A.M.W.S., and W/O. Claude Schefer, A.I.F.

Ruth, who is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Hunt, of Bardin, Warialda, is attended by her sister, Driver Peg Hunt, A.W.A.S.

Bridegroom, who is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Schefer, of Byron Bay, and who is member of Sixth Division, is attended by Private John Thorpe, who was a "Tobruk Rat."

VERA ANNE BIRCH announces her engagement to Frederick H. Hockett, Chief Yeoman of U.S. Navy, and tells us that they are making plans to be married on his next leave. "His next leave has been in view since last October, so I'm hoping he will be here any time now," she tells me.

Vera is the youngest daughter of Mrs. M. Birch, of Mordale, and the late Mr. J. Birch, and her fiancé is the second son of Colonel and Mrs. F. H. Hockett, of St. Cloud, Minnesota, U.S.A.

Interesting People

LADY BLAMEY

... hospitals under canvas
WIFE of Commander-in-Chief, Allied Land Forces, Sir Thomas Blamey, Lady Blamey has taken leading part in patriotic work. In Middle East was Red Cross Hospital worker. For past ten months has done similar duty in Northern Australia, where she is attached to hospital under canvas. Was instrumental in establishing lakeside rest hostel for troops, and rest home in Cairns for Army nurses and women's Services personnel.



MR. FRANK NUNN

... writing in New Guinea
CONGENIAL assignment just taken up by Australian author-journalist Frank Nunn, whose serial, "Wings to Beat," is now being enjoyed by our readers. Mr. Nunn goes to New Guinea to write articles dealing with Australian made and manned aircraft. Always interested in flying, he holds pre-war A class pilot's licence. Served with R.A.A.F. as flying-officer. Was discharged on medical grounds last year. Is now war correspondent to Department of Information.



S/O. ALISON ALLEN

... tastier meals for R.A.A.F.
EXPERT methods of treating dehydrated foods were demonstrated to R.A.A.F. in New Guinea by Section-Officer Alison Allen in recent tour of forward areas. Dietitian and culinary expert, S/O. Allen was lent to Directorate of Medical Services by W. A. A. F.

Tour was pronounced "outstanding success."



SWIMMING CARNIVAL. At Coogee Baths, Flight-Officer P. Bower, W.A.A.A.F. (right), shows solid silver cup presented by The Australian Women's Weekly for an inter-unit relay race to Third-Officer M. Carroll, W.R.A.N.S., and Lieutenant Helen Robinson, A.W.A.S.



A.I.F. WEDDING. Lieutenant Colin Copp, A.I.F., and his bride, who was formerly Ann Playfair, only daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. T. A. J. Playfair, of Elanora. Bridesmaid is Judy Playfair, and best man Hamish Morton, A.I.F.

Wool suits that will fit under your topcoat

• Dark brown wool for a suit built on straight lines, and using a minimum of material. The skirt plain and pencil-straight—the jacket, fitted and relying on clever joining for pockets and interest, buttoned high with a small white pique over-collar. Note: Red-and-white striped wool hat and matching bag. (Below.)

• Brilliant soft green woollen for a suit with fitted jacket, outlined with black wool braid—the skirt four gored. Black accessories, the hat a high Russian Cossack cap. (Left.)



• Jumper suit in cherry-red soft light-weight wool—drawn into a high round neck, and fullness controlled round the waist with a belt which loops round two large buttons in front. (Right.)

• Blue wool for this suit with straight, simply tailored jacket, cleverly stitched in rows of white stitching—to give striped effect. A white pique or starched linen collar gives a crisp note. (Above.)



If you have ever been in the tropical latitude you'll understand why our troops are using so much "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. They have found that "Vaseline" Hair Tonic ends 'Dry Scalp' and keeps hair in a clean, healthy condition. Of course, when you find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic difficult to buy, you will appreciate why.

Vaseline

HAIR TONIC

Ends Dry Scalp



A BEIGE WOOL SKIRT with the fullness brought to the front is worn with a finely knitted sweater in cinnamon-brown and a brief, nipped-in jacket in heavy brown and beige checked tweed.



FINE NIGGER-BROWN WOOL for a severely plain and willow-slim frock, that becomes important with the addition of a trim duck-egg blue jacket, garnished with brown braid. With it a mushroom hat.

SIMPLE and SLIM

By PEG MCCARTNEY

• Leading American fashion designers have met the wartime government restrictions and have created these attractive autumn styles.



A HEAVY BLACK WOOL FROCK, simply made, yet brimming with flattery. Bows and bands of pale pink cording introduce a nice flippant note.

DE WITT'S PILLS

A GREAT HELP FOR

Rheumatism

De Witt's Pills restore weak kidneys to healthy activity. Healthy kidneys will promptly clean out of your system poisons and impurities that cause Rheumatic pains.

Full directions with each bottle.



PRICES:
1/9, 3/6, 5/9.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

AUTUMN fashions shown in New York present an ingenious mixture of style and practicality, and have attracted the attention of experts all over the country. They emphasise extremely narrow skirts, in everything from pencil-slim suits to evening dresses slashed to the knee.

The key qualities of the new collections are adaptability and simplicity. Lines are natural, unobscured by too much fullness or drapery. Colors are clear and basic for long wear, and to make combinations of different pieces in one wardrobe easy and attractive.

A new color accent is on lighter shades and neutral tones for winter, because this not only saves dyes, but also makes the new trends ideal under the popular American plaid topcoat. Most of the variety and the distinctive features are in detail. Deep, round necklines, and square necklines decorated with flowers, bows, or lace give individuality to simple dresses.

As American women are meeting the call on the civilian front by taking war jobs, their working clothes are now made equally suitable for office wear and for informal gatherings after working hours. Bright blouses under straight suits, or two-color suits gay enough for afternoon wear and severe enough for working needs, are the popular favorites.

In spite of some material shortages, and although American women are demanding practical clothes, American designers have put the essential touches of gaiety and distinction into their clothes. In every sense of the phrase the designers have come through with flying colors.



SLEEKLY tailored black topcoat that does wonders for your figure. The collar and front seams are cleverly margined with black braid.

Thousands Regain Strong Eyesight in 1-3 Months WITHOUT GLASSES



NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

FOR LONG SIGHT • ASTIGMATISM • TIRED EYES • WEAK EYES • SHORT SIGHT • STRAINED SIGHT • CHILDREN'S EYE TROUBLES • OLD SIGHT • SQUINT • INFLAMED OR RUNNING EYES • OTHER EYE DEFECTS

Do you suffer from any of the above? Then waste no time in writing for details of the Campbell system of eye training, which has brought perfect eyesight without glasses to thousands in England. People who have worn spectacles since childhood write enthusiastically that they now enjoy perfect sight without them. Endorsed by prominent medical men, this system is based on years of research initiated by a famous eye specialist, Dr. W. H. Bates, who discovered that the cause of almost all eye troubles could be removed by correct, natural treatment of the optic region.

YOU TREAT YOURSELF AT HOME

Under our supervision, you carry out this treatment in your own home. Each case is carefully studied and you receive guidance to suit your individual requirements during the whole period of the treatment. If you wish to be free from the need to wear glasses, if you wish to be free from the nervous disorders which accompany defective eyesight, send 3/- in stamps to The Campbell Eye Treatment Rooms, Suite 47, Chadis House, 10 Martin Place, Sydney, opposite the G.P.O. for Free Book describing this new eye training system. Sydney Residents: Telephone BW7463 for a free consultation.

A Brand Worth Remembering!

THE FAMOUS BRITISH CANNISTER

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You feel better and are better when your figure is properly supported

Lady Ruth

PRACTICAL FRONT CORSET gives the busy woman the support and control she must have to prevent the fatigue caused by the drag of heavy muscles.

A Charming Brassiere

will give better support if it is properly adjusted. And it will last longer if laundered regularly. That applies to your "Lady Ruth," too.

TEEN TOPICS . . . be your age

● Careful grooming and a good carriage are essential to set off those new "grown-up" clothes of which you are so proud . . .

—Says MARY ROSE, Our Beauty Expert



PRACTICE FOR POSTURE. Jeff Donnell (Columbia) walks while balancing a book on her head, an exercise which is a splendid aid to improved posture. Our grandmothers learned this trick, but 1944 teen-age girls find it a right-up-to-the-minute beauty help.

YOU'VE come to the teen age, and you wonder why everyone else is so critical of all the things you want to do for yourself and your personal appearance.

Real glamor is something which you know must wait till post-war days, so put aside temporarily your dreams of softer-than-mist evening frocks and thrilling hair-styles.

Concentrate on simple things which will give you that splendid background for the better times ahead.

The first is to carry yourself well. The limited wardrobe which coupons permit will be more worthy of notice if you walk with shoulders down and erect, chin NOT jutting too far forward, and "tail" tucked under.

What do you plan to do for your skin? You are up against a crisis these days, when cosmetics are in short supply. But don't make that an excuse for experimentation.

Use beauty preparations sparingly. Be your age, and remember that the clear, healthy look of the teen-age girl should come from within, and not from a too-enthusiastic use of rouge, powder, and lipstick.

Keep your health at a reasonably high level, and ensure that you get your quota of essential vitamins and never lack calcium. . . . Never try to



TAKE CARE OF YOUR NAILS. No scarlet talons for the teen-age girl, and Nancy Coleman (Warners), lovely starlet, keeps her nails with a natural polish, cuticles showing, and careful limit on length.

hide blemishes for more than a few occasions . . . clear them away . . .

Forget about nail polish, or use a very pale shade, and make the pushing back of the cuticle and careful shaping of your nails part of your never-to-be-forgotten daily routine.

Keep the experimenting of elaborate hair-styles for those quiet evenings at home, but give your hair that lovely, shiny look with plenty of brushing, and wear it in a simple style which suits you best.

Time to do it? . . . None of these little rituals takes very long. That final cleansing or creaming or whatever your teen-age skin demands must never be too much of a bother even after a party, or a night of voluntary war work at a canteen.



FUN AND EXERCISE. Lucky for you if you can ignore crowded trams and cycle to the beach during week-end free hours. Gloria Jean, Universal's young star, scoots down hill, getting fun and exercise together.



Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?



Yes, and I always shall!

Macleans Tooth Paste is thoroughly cleansing and has a most refreshing flavour. You may have difficulty in buying your normal supplies of Macleans, because of service requirements. So make your tube go as far as possible . . . only a little is required to make and keep your teeth sparkling white.

1/1½ and 1/7½ per tube

MACLEANS TOOTH PASTE
"British to the teeth"



A SPLENDID COMBINATION of luscious strawberries, grapes, and fruit trees has been achieved by Mrs. P. Snow, of Ryde (N.S.W.), who has made her garden useful and ornamental.

Combine vines and berries

● A gardenful of strawberries and grapes sounds a peculiar combination, but recently I received a photo and particulars of such a garden—and both were highly productive.

APRIL is regarded as the best month for planting out strawberries, for the weather is then cool, and the rather stumpy, fibrous centres and woody roots then transplant well. During hotter weather you find strawberries

fade and wilt very quickly, and they need a lot of cover and attention before they become established.

On the question of variety much depends upon the district. For instance, in Sydney Mason's Immense and Hawkesbury are two of the best. Many varieties of strawberries are not self-pollinating and bear badly. That explains to novices who buy them why some strawberries bear big crops and others practically none. Sometimes it is necessary to have two varieties growing side by side. Fendelino is one of these cranky sorts that must have company before it reproduces itself.

Careful choice

GRAPES take a year or two to bear, and again varieties must be selected suitable to the district. Most of the Isabellas, which have small but delicious berries, bear enormous crops. June-July is grape-planting time.

I have seen Isabellas bearing over 1000 bunches when well pruned and the laterals well arranged in the Italian style—overhead. Autumn attention to grapes consists almost entirely of spraying the foliage with lead arsenate to kill the grubs of the grape moth.

During moist, humid weather all grape vines should be sprayed well and weekly with bordeaux mixture, for the prevention of downy mildew, a serious fungous disease that may rob the vines of both crop and leaves at almost any stage during the summer and autumn months.

Don't prune grapes in summer or autumn, as they will bleed badly. To stop bleeding, heat up a soldering iron and sear the affected spot.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.



TODAY THE BEDGGOOD NAME IS Higher THAN EVER

Bedggood's have been engaged in the production of **FLYING BOOTS** for the Air Force . . .

More than 40,000 pairs of these wool-lined, perfectly manufactured boots have already been made . . . "aerial footwear" that takes Bedggood quality as high as a plane will fly.

Bedggood's feel sure that women on the home-front will understand and be patient if a particular type or style of Bedggood footwear is not always obtainable. When the desired shoes ARE secured, there'll be additional reason for taking good care of them.



Bedggood
FRIENDLY FOOTWEAR

Tek For Better TEETH CLEANING

When you need a toothbrush insist on Tek. With better shape and better bristles, Tek is the best toothbrush money can buy. PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON



CHOCOLATE HAS SAVED MANY LIVES ...



Thousands of heroic survivors of enemy action at sea have owed their lives to the rations which form part of every lifeboat's regulation equipment. Chocolate is always included. Large quantities of Cadbury's Energy Chocolate have been supplied to our Merchant Navy for this purpose.

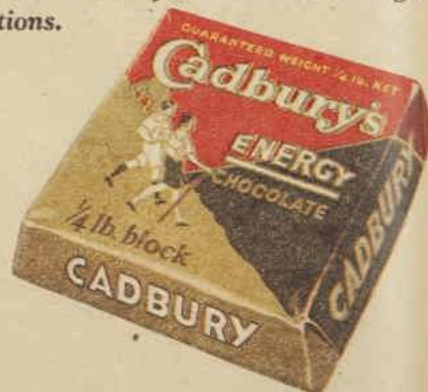
Thus the war gives us further dramatic proof of the wonderful sustaining properties of chocolate. Such

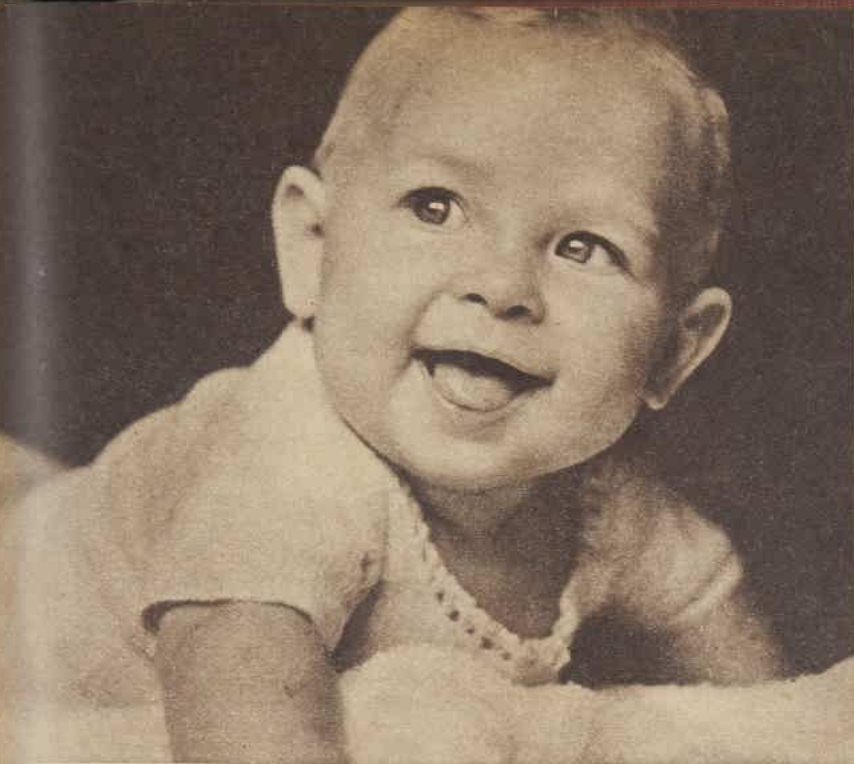
vitaly important uses for chocolate naturally absorb a large portion of Cadbury's output, and make civilian supplies uncertain. Still, occasionally, you will find yourself in luck, and see a welcome block or two of Cadbury's Energy Chocolate or Dairy Milk Chocolate in your confectioner's.

* In New South Wales and South Australia, we are unable to distribute Cadbury's Chocolate owing to transport regulations.

CADBURY

MAKERS OF DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE AND ENERGY CHOCOLATE





MARGARET, daughter of Cpl. R. Vatman, R.A.F., and Mrs. Vatman, of 23 Hermitage Road, Ryde, N.S.W. This picture shows Margaret exercising herself. Her straight little back and firm muscles speak eloquently for her good posture later.

Early development of good posture

• Good posture—the way a baby's body is held while it lies, sits, stands, and later walks—is very necessary for perfect health, and later also has a good moral effect.

A GOOD carriage with grace and dignity is always a big asset in life.

The foundation for correct posture should be laid during the first few months of baby's life, and, in fact, before baby is even born.

Good bone formation is decided early in the pre-natal period.

The chances of good posture will be considerably lessened if through poor diet or lack of outdoor exercise and sunshine (especially of careful exposure of the skin surface to the direct rays of sunshine) on the part of the expectant mother, her babe

is born with a tendency to "rickets" due to poor bone formation.

There cannot be good posture when there is any softness of the bones, which may cause bow-legs, knock-knees, or flat feet.

Trouble with the feet or legs often causes one leg to be shorter than the other, and this tends to make the pelvis (the bony ring of the hip-bones) tilt, so that in order to have the body at the proper angle the spine has to be held in a curved position.

Good posture will be helped if certain rules are observed during the

pre-natal period and from the time baby is born.

The mother-to-be must study her diet and include in it bone-building foods rich in minerals and in vitamins—the "protective" foods.

She must have an abundance of fresh air, sunshine, and regular exercise, and observe all other rules of healthy living.

From birth baby should sleep in a roomy, suitable cot, with firm mattress. This should have a loose chaff shakedown over it, also a small, flat chaff pillow, and when very young baby should have its position changed each time it is tucked in.

Carrying the baby in a cramped position may serve to make its back crooked, as at first the muscles are weak and the bones soft, so that in the early months it must be held with the back and head well supported and the limbs as straight as possible.

The baby's own actions are the best guide as to the right time for it to sit up alone, and no attempt should be made to force it to sit up just because some other baby of its age does.

School age care

PARENTS should watch children carefully when they reach the school-going age.

Badly adjusted suspenders and braces and badly fitting shoes all hamper comfortable and free movements.

Heavy bags of books hung from one shoulder by a strap are often responsible for one side of the body being crooked.

School furniture (desks and hard forms) are unfortunately often detrimental to good posture, and parents should inquire into this matter and have the right to see the classroom in which important developmental years will be spent.

Although modern schools are now being well equipped, and desks and chairs to suit the individual child installed, there are still too many schools of the old-fashioned type.

These and other rules of handling, exercising, etc., helpful to good posture, are contained in a leaflet which has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

The pre-natal section of our Mothercraft Bureau is open at the Sydney offices of The Australian Women's Weekly for interviews and practical demonstrations on Tuesday and Friday each week, from 10.30 a.m. till 12.30 p.m., and from 2 p.m. till 4.30 p.m.

PASTEURISED MILK BEST

By MEDICO

"SHOULD I give my children raw or pasteurised milk?" asked Mrs. Stevens. "I've been reading a lot of criticism in the papers about our milk supply lately, and I wondered what you thought about it."

"I don't need to think much about it," I replied, "the value of a safe, moderate-cost milk supply is well known" and Australia is twenty years behind more advanced countries."

Efficient pasteurising of milk effectively destroys the bacteria of tuberculosis, typhoid, scarlet fever, and epidemic sore throat. Pasteurising does not affect the food value of milk, nor does it affect the taste.

Pasteurising has other benefits for the consumer. Firstly, each batch of farmer's milk is tested before it is pasteurised. Secondly, the milk is chilled as soon as pasteurised, and kept chilled until delivered. Thirdly, pasteurised milk is filled into sealed sterilised bottles, thus preventing contamination during delivery.

When bottled pasteurised milk is delivered, it should be kept sealed and placed in the refrigerator until used.

Dried milk is also a safe food. There is only slight loss of food value in drying. A week's supply of dried milk can be bought at a time, thus saving daily delivery costs.

Milk can be pasteurised in the home, but a thermometer and careful watching would be necessary. The temperature of pasteurisation is 140-145 deg. F. for half an hour, followed by rapid cooling.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar

At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3. ...

Hand care that brings results



You can make your hands irresistible... softer, smoother, whiter... and you can do it while you sleep—with Pond's Hand Lotion. Silky-smooth—not the least bit greasy—you can leave Pond's Hand Lotion on your hands all night. Before retiring each night just sprinkle a few drops on to the palms of your hands, and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Your hands will become softer, whiter. Pond's Hand Lotion is obtainable at all stores and chemists.

A POINT ABOUT HANDKERCHIEFS



Handkerchiefs should wear well, keep their colour, launder perfectly... and NILE handkerchiefs do!

NILE

HANDKERCHIEFS

Made by the Makers of Nile Athletic Singlets and Underpants

Manufactured by Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty. Ltd., 134 Broadway, Sydney

Why Shouldn't You 'Feel Fine' All The Time

TO feel "on top of the world," to go through each day with brightness and zest depends upon internal health and the good spirits that go with it. Bile Beans keep you "feeling fine" all the time.

Bile Beans create internal health and the bright outlook that goes with it. By cleansing, regulating and toning up the system, Bile Beans enable you to maintain that constant personal fitness which Australia needs from everyone today.

So, whether yours is a Service or a civilian job, this ideal tonic-laxative is exactly what you need.

BILE BEANS

(Pave the way to victory—buy War Savings Certificates)



"I think Bile Beans are wonderful. Taking them nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is a healthy colour and my complexion blemish-free. I sleep well and get up on a morning feeling fit and bright."

—Mrs. F.S.B.

Take good care of yourself



START THE DAY RIGHT

Simply have two tablespoons of Kellogg's All-Bran first thing at breakfast. Eat it with milk and sugar... and let the milk soak right in. Or sprinkle it over your usual breakfast cereal. Or serve it with stewed fruit. All-Bran has a nut-sweet flavour that's really enjoyable... and it puts healthy "bulk" back into your diet.



IF YOU WAKE UP FEELING WORN OUT AND LISTLESS, the chances are that it's because your system isn't functioning as it should. No wonder you feel tired and dread the idea of starting another day's work.

But you'll be surprised at the big difference in the way you feel when you have two tablespoons of Kellogg's All-Bran first thing at breakfast every morning.

It's like this... the real cause of your trouble is most likely to be lack of "bulk" in your diet. So many of our modern foods are cooked "soft". They don't provide enough of the natural fibrous "bulk" needed to stimulate the internal muscles and keep them in good tone. Without that "bulk" the muscles become lazy and fall down on their job. That's when trouble is likely to start.

Safe and Gentle

Kellogg's All-Bran works safely and gently because it restores that missing bulk in your diet and stimulates the internal muscles in the way that nature intended. If you take Kellogg's All-Bran regularly, you should find that your trouble corrects itself naturally within a week. If not, your case is exceptional and you should see a doctor.



You Won't Need Those Bottles in the Medicine Cupboard

Doing yourself up day after day only gives you temporary relief. In the long run it may be very harmful. The safe, gentle way to get back to normal is to get that "bulk" back in your diet with Kellogg's All-Bran.



The Way to Keep Fit

Just give Kellogg's All-Bran a fair trial for one week. Drink plenty of water between meals. Try to get some regular exercise each day too, even if it is only walking part of the way to work. This is the way to help All-Bran do its best work keeping you fit.

Made by the makers of

Kellogg's Corn Flakes • Kellogg's Whole Wheat Flakes
Kellogg's Rice Bubbles • Kellogg's Whole Wheat Biscuits

Easy-to-pack LUNCH BOXES

● This page has been planned to help with the packed luncheon routine . . . to suggest ideas for hearty, appetising, nutritious, and free - from - monotony meals for workers and schoolchildren.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to the Australian Women's Weekly

THE early morning routine of packing luncheons five times a week is an important cog in the war machine. These luncheons are the carry-on meals essential to the worker and growing child.

Plan them carefully, consult the guide on this page, make them tempting in variety and service so that not a crumb is wasted.

Save yourself a hectic rush in the morning by preparing part of the luncheons beforehand . . . mixing sandwich fillings, crisping salad vegetables, polishing fruit, making cookies.

Don't look on sandwiches as the beginning and ending of this meal. Forget them sometimes and use rissoles, salads, little pastries, scones, and biscuits.

Pack in a firm, light-to-carry compact box, choose light containers with safe corks and screw lids for liquids, maverics, and sweets, pack attractively, not forgetting spoons and forks when necessity arises.

What about the Oslo luncheon? It consists of a glass of milk, with wholemeal bread and butter, and a nutritive spread such as cheese, egg, or nut butter with a piece of fruit.

LUNCHEON SPREADS

(For sandwiches, scones, or rolls) Mixtures should have a distinctive flavor, not being too bland. The spread should be moist, but not wet. If the texture is creamy, butter spread is not necessary.

To extend the butter: Cream the butter with a wooden spoon, adding a few drops at a time of hot water



or hot milk. Add this liquid until no more will be absorbed.

Try: Grated carrot, onion juice, with salad-dressing. Grated apple with grated cheese. Cream cheese with finely shredded cabbage. Grated cheese and tomato sauce. Chutney and finely chopped bacon. Minced celery, sultana and salad cream. Minced brown beans and pickled beets.

LUNCH-BOX CROQUETTES

(Pack with crisp salad vegetables, such as radish or celery)

One cup finely minced meat, cooked, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, pepper and salt, salad cream, or white sauce to moisten, brown bread crumbs.

THE STAGE IS SET. TIME is 7 a.m. SCENE is the kitchen. PROPERTIES are lunch-box makings. THEME is to keep the family fighting-fit. PERFORMANCES are full of pep and variety.

Combine meat, celery, carrot, parsley, onion. Bind with thick salad cream or sauce, and season to taste. Roll spoonfuls in the crumbs. The mixture may be prepared to this stage on the night before, storing in meat safe or refrigerator. Deep-fry until golden brown. Drain and pack when cold with salad. The addition of curry powder and fruit chutney is an appetising variation. About 12 small croquettes.

ORANGE BROWNIES

(Don't waste the rind of the breakfast orange)

One cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon spice, preferably cinnamon, pinch of bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon shortening (butter, margarine, or good clarified dripping), 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 beaten egg, 1 dessertspoon orange juice.

Sift the flour, soda, and spice, tipping back the roughage. Rub in the fat and add the sugar and orange rind. Stir in the honey, egg and juice, mixing lightly but well. The mixture should just hold its shape on the spoon. Place in spoonfuls on a greased tray and cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. About 12 dozen cookies.

BEAN CROQUETTES

(Flavor with herbs or with chopped bacon, if available)

Two cups cooked beans (of the brown, navy, or lima type), 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon freshly chopped sage or 1 teaspoon mint, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, pepper and salt, beaten egg, breadcrumbs.

Rub the beans through a coarse sieve. Add the onion, sage, flour, and vinegar. Season to taste, and beat in sufficient egg to make a

good moulding consistency. With floured hand shape into croquettes, brush with remainder of egg to which milk or water has been added, coat with crumbs and deep-fry until golden brown. Drain, cool, and pack with salad vegetables. About 12 small croquettes.

GINGERBREAD

(Try with cream cheese or with apple butter filling)

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1-8th teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup treacle or golden syrup, 1 cup melted shortening (margarine or good clarified dripping), 1 cup sour milk, 2 eggs.

Sift flour, soda, spices and salt. Add sugar. Stir in combined treacle, shortening, milk, and beaten eggs. Beat lightly but thoroughly. Pour into a 9-inch square greased tin or 2 bar tins. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 45 minutes.

APPLE BRAN MUFFINS

(Good eating with a wedge of cheese)

One and a half cups stewed apple, sweetened and rather dry, 3oz. shortening (butter or dripping), 2oz. sugar, 1 or 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1 cup bran, 1 teaspoon spice.

Cream shortening and sugar, beat in the eggs, and add the sifted flour and spice and the bran alternately with the milk, adding a little more milk to make a good drop consistency if only 1 egg used. Drop spoonfuls in greased patty tins. Cover with apple puree and top with more muffin mixture. Cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes about 1 dozen muffins.

POTATO AND EGG SALAD

(Pack in jar, adding chopped egg at last moment)

One pound small potatoes, 11 tablespoons salad oil with 11 tablespoons lemon juice or 3 tablespoons usual salad cream, 1 cup diced cucumber, about 1 tablespoon onion (sliced to paper thinness), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 2 eggs.

Cook the potatoes in a small amount of water until tender. Drain, peel and slice thinly. Mix salad oil, lemon juice, cucumber, onion, parsley, salt, and pepper. When the potatoes are quite cold, add to this mixture. Chill overnight. Just before packing into lunch-box container, fold in sliced hard-boiled eggs. For three serves.

LIVER PASTE

(A savory spread that may be combined with chopped egg, sliced cucumber, sliced tomato, chopped chives or finely shredded young salad greens)

Half-pound lamb's liver, frying fat, flour, pepper, salt.

Slice the liver, coat with seasoned flour, and cook gently. Mince finely, and then rub through a sieve. Season to taste with pepper and salt, chopped parsley, and onion juice. If moistening is necessary, bind with melted butter, bacon fat, or salad dressing.

MINTED SALAD POTATOES

(Wrap in lettuce leaves)

One pound small new potatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, curl of lemon rind, 2 sprigs of mint, 1 teaspoon butter or salad oil or bacon dripping, 1 tablespoon chopped mint.

Wash the potatoes, scrubbing if necessary. Do not remove skin. Place in hot water, barely enough to cover, with sugar, salt, mint sprigs, and lemon curl. Cover and simmer gently until tender about 10 minutes. Drain, add butter or salad oil, and mint, cover and shake gently. Allow to cool and serve with salad.

Daily lunch-box guide

PLAN your lunch-box meals when you arrange your weekly menus.

Choose a satisfying item and include whenever possible a serving of vegetable, fruit, and milk.

No. 1

Minted Potatoes
Lettuce Carrot Sticks
Liver Paste Sandwiches
Pear Milk

No. 2

Tomato Juice
(in bottles)
Little Vegetable Pies
Lettuce
Caramel Cup Custard

No. 3

Bean Croquettes
Cheese Biscuits Celery
Gingerbread Milk

No. 4

Cream of Corn Soup
(in thermos)
Fish and Chutney Sandwiches
of Brown Bread
Spiced Fruit Cookies
Bunch of Grapes

No. 5

Brown Bread and Butter
Scotch Eggs
Lettuce Whole Tomato
Orange Brownies

No. 6

Salad Rissoles
Lettuce Radishes
Crisp Rhubarb Pies
Orange Drink

No. 7

Potato and Egg Salad
Cream Cheese Sandwiches
Apple Bran Muffins
Chocolate Milk

THE ELUSIVE MALE

Allyne Leslie handles some posers



Q: For two whole years Don has been taking Ann out—but never a hint of wedding bells from him. What's her best move—

1. Cut him out of her life?
2. Let him see how much she loves him and ask if he's serious?
3. Carry on and hope all will come well one day?

A: No. 3, Ann, but with a big difference! Now's the time to wheel out your heaviest ammunition. Concentrate on a milk-and-roses complexion, line up a couple of presentable males as decoys and open your campaign. Begin the good work with Erasmic Creams. In no time you'll have him at your feet—with a sapphire in his hand and a honeymoon on his mind.

Q: Carol is in love with her dearest girl friend's brother, but the girl friend knows that Carol cuts no ice with him. Should she—



1. Say nothing and hope events will save a broken heart?
2. Have an intimate talk with Carol?
3. Put brother wise?

A: No. 2. Then lend her some of your own ravishing beauty help to make her different from the other girls brother knows. See that always, under her powder, goes a film of bewitching Erasmic Vanishing Cream. Then she'll remain sweet and fetching long after the rest of the frails have wilted.

Q: Out with a couple of girl friends, May sees the attractive captain she met for the first time last week—and he's alone! Should she—

1. Acknowledge him with a dignified nod?
2. Pretend she hasn't seen him but stay hopefully in his line of vision?
3. Go over to his table?



A: Correct is No. 1, May. If you have that radiant complexion men can't forget, he'll be the one to make the overtures. Keep yourself in line for such thrilling moments by using Erasmic Cold Cream nightly to freshen skin and give it the satin-y look and feel that turns a girl into a real stag-line slayer.

**ERASMIC
VANISHING
AND COLD
CREAMS**

In tubes and jars 1/2d.



PAINFUL SUNBURN RUINED SALLY'S HOLIDAY UNTIL



Lying on the beach I hadn't realised the sun was so powerful. But, oh dear, back in the guesthouse my shoulders began to feel as if on fire!

By evening even the lightest dress felt like hempack to my tender skin. Dancing was out for me. Next day I spoke to the lifeguard. "What all swimmers should have is Rexona Ointment," he said.

A friend gently smoothed some of that soothing ointment over my reddened skin. Right away the stinging seemed to die down and after two applications the pain had gone.

Now I can be on the beach all day and have no fear that sunburn will spoil my evening's fun. Rexona has made a wonderful difference to my holiday.

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona
OINTMENT
1/6
A JAR

**PUBLIC ENEMY
No. 1**
KILL him with
FLY-TOX

Simple recipes with a difference

● Housewives from all States are competing enthusiastically each week for a place in the recipe honor list. Cash prizes are awarded for these shared recipes.

FIRST prize this week to "Hot Rascals," potato scones, served with salad filling.

These can be cooked on a griddle. Butter need not be used when dressing is added to the filling. Try them freshly cooked as a sweet filled with spiced apple, sweetened with honey. The luncheon biscuit is a simple recipe, keeps well, and is an excellent standby not only for the lunch box but to hand out with the after-school glass of milk or with the mid-morning cup of tea.

The marshmallow pudding is a recipe frequently asked for. It is delicious with a burnt sugar sauce or a lemon curd.

HOT RASCALS

Boil 1lb. potatoes in salted water and mash while they are hot. As soon as they are cool enough to finger, rub in 4oz. of self-raising flour. Mix with a tablespoon chopped parsley. No fat or liquid is required. Roll out at once to a thickness of one inch. Cut into rounds about three inches across, and bake in a brick oven (450 deg. F.), split open and spread with butter and a generous portion of the following mixture:

Peel and grate a medium-sized raw beetroot, add three or four inside sticks of celery (finely chopped), and mix with one teaspoon grated horseradish (if available), pepper and salt to taste, and a dessertspoon chutney.

First Prize of £1 to Miss N. Barnes, 33 Margaret St., Walkerville, S.A.

PICKLED APPLES

Wash enough apples (small, sweet ones) to stand two deep in a steamer. Cover tightly and let them



MILK-SOAKED FRIED TOAST for supper can be as varied as days of the month. Ruth Hussey, MGM player, spreads it with chutney. Try it with grated cheese and chopped mint, or as a sweet, spread with apple puree, dusted with cinnamon.

cook over boiling water until you can pierce them easily with a fork. While they are steaming, boil one quart of vinegar with 1lb. of raw sugar. Put in the apples from the steamer and cook gently for 10 minutes. Transfer to jars, pour over the hot vinegar, and cover when cold. With careful handling the apples can be kept intact. The addition of spices is optional but not necessary with good vinegar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. John Hook, Box 82, Pt. Augusta, S.A.

HURRY-UP APPLE CAKE

One cup flour, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, dessertspoon butter or substitute, cinnamon.

Line a cake-tin with sliced apples. Sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, and butter or substitute. Make batter and pour mixture over apples. Bake half an hour. Turn it over and serve with a honey or lemon sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Vernon, 28a The Avenue, Windsor St., Vic.

KIDNEY SAVORY

Two sheep's kidneys, 3 rashers bacon, tomatoes, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper.

Take medium pie-dish, grease it, put in layer of breadcrumbs (in deep). Lay on it very thin rashers of bacon, kidneys cut open, skinned, and cored, with salt and pepper. Take some tomatoes and place a layer on kidneys, then a good layer of breadcrumbs. Repeat until dish is full, putting crumbs last, sprinkle with salt and a few pieces of dripping. Bake in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Rosewall, Rosetta Rd., Netley, N.S.W.

WHIPPED AUSTERITY CREAM

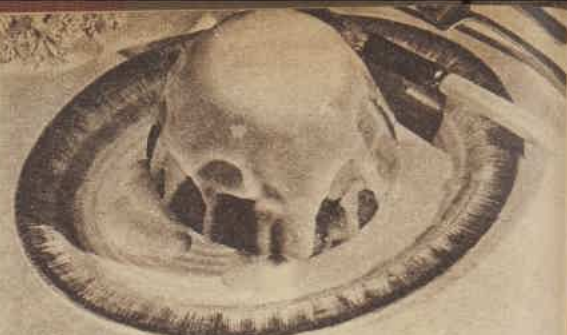
Three tablespoons powdered milk, 1 measuring cup water (1 pint), 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Dissolve gelatine in 1 tablespoon hot water. Stand cup in hot water until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Warm water as for junket.

Beat in powdered milk, sugar, and gelatine, add vanilla. Let stand until cold and just beginning to set. Whip with a rotary beater until thick and increased in bulk. Pour into glass dish and chill before serving.

Passionfruit pulp or fruit juice could be added for variety, and mixture could be tinted a pale shade.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Thompson, 76 Elizabeth St., Granville, N.S.W.



A SPONGE PUDDING, steamed or baked, is satisfying fare after a light first course. Sift cornflour with the flour, 1oz. to 5oz. flour, for a feathery texture.

LUNCHEON BISCUITS

One cup cleaned currants, 1 cup water, 1lb. flour, 1lb. sugar, 1 cup shortening, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda, 1 dessertspoon vinegar.

Stew currants in water and lemon juice ten minutes, strain, and mash with a fork. Boil milk, sugar, and soda a few minutes. Cool. Add vinegar and lemon rind. Rub fat into the sifted flour, stir in the milk mixture, form into a stiff mixture, roll out one-half thinly, spread with currants, top with another layer of pastry. Roll lightly, prick with a fork, cut in squares.

Bake 10 minutes in a hot oven (400 deg. F.). Sprinkle with fine sugar while hot. Store when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Doris L. Dickenson, c/o Austral Silk Mills, 112 Trenerry Crescent, Abbotsford N9, Vic.

MOCK CHICKEN MOULD

Take a rabbit (large), soak in salted water for half an hour, wash well, cut into several pieces, place in a saucepan, add one pint of water and a little salt, and simmer very gently for two hours.

Lift the rabbit from the saucepan on to a pie-dish and remove all the bones and cut the meat up finely. Add two tablespoons of finely chopped shallot, onion, or tomato pulp, or all three of these, a sprinkle of spice, nutmeg, salt and pepper, then lastly a cup of the liquid from the saucepan, to which has been added one dessertspoon of powdered gelatine. Mix all well together and put aside to set in a wetted basin. Turn out and serve with salads.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Armstrong, 130 Banksia Rd., Bankstown, N.S.W.

MARSHMALLOW PUDDING

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, juice of 1 lemon, whites of 2 eggs.

Place gelatine, sugar, and water in a saucepan and bring to the boil. Allow mixture to cool, then add the strained lemon juice and beat until the mixture is stiff and white. Fold the stiffly beaten egg-whites evenly through the mixture. Place in a serving-dish and leave to set. Put a little pale pink or green coloring on top, spread passionfruit on top, and serve with custard made of egg-yolks or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Knight, 8 Phillip Court, 1 Latimer Rd., Rose Bay, Sydney.

TOMATO PATTIES

One and a half cups self-raising flour, salt, 2 tablespoons dripping (or dripping and lard).

Make pastry by rubbing fat with flour and mixing with milk to a dry dough. Take four or six medium-size, firm, ripe tomatoes and slice off a little of the top end. Sprinkle a little pepper, salt, and chopped onion or parsley over each. Roll out pastry to quarter-inch thickness and cover each tomato well with pastry, first cut in squares.

Place the covered tomatoes in small pie-tins and bake in a moderate to hot oven until well done.

These are delicious served as an addition to a meal of beans, potatoes, and corn meal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Aline Peterson, Geo. The Head, via Killarney, Queensland.

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Fashion Frock Service

"CAROLYN" SHIRTMAKER BLOUSE

In rayon crepe-de-chine in pastel-pink, blue, and also white, this tailored blouse blouse is the ideal finish to a dress suit, or sport outfit. With full attractive yoke, short, well-fitted sleeves, and ample length, it is the ideal item for late summer wear.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 19/21 (4 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 22/24 (6 coupons). Plus 6½d. postage.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 19/21 (4 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 22/24 (6 coupons). Plus 6½d. postage.



"GLENNIS" — neat blouse with high neck- line

In rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of pastel-pink, blue, and also plain white, this unusually plain white blouse shows the popular high cut neckline, three-button fastening, well-extended shoulders, and tucked-in waistline.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 19/21 (4 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 22/24 (6 coupons). Plus 6½d. postage.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 19/21 (4 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 22/24 (6 coupons). Plus 6½d. postage.

"MARY ANNE" — vivid skirt in floral heavy- weight linen

The ever popular floral skirt in shades of dresden-blue, mustard-gold, cherry-brick, and navy-blue, patterned with all-over daisy design outlined in faint black.

The skirt is gathered on to a fitting waistband, and falls in an even fullness.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 29/31 (7 coupons); 42 and 44in. hips, 33/35 (7 coupons). Plus 1/6d. postage.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 29/31 (7 coupons); 42 and 44in. hips, 33/35 (7 coupons). Plus 1/6d. postage.



Fashion PATTERNS

F3425 — Dressy pinafore with blouse. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide, for pinafore, and 2½yds. 36in. for blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Pattern, 1/7.

F3418 — Smart day frock. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide, and ½yd. 36in. wide lace. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Pattern, 1/7.

F322 — Neat apron or overall. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide. Sizes 32 to 38in. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page.

F3221



F3221 — Chic floral design. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Pattern, 1/7.

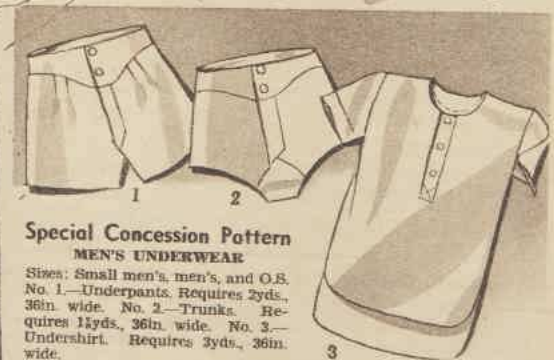
F6433 — Dainty slip, pants, and brassiere. Requires 2½yds. 36in. for slip; 1yd. 36in. pants; and ½yd. 36in. for brassiere. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Pattern, 2/8.



F6433



F3418



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Sizes: Small men's, men's, and O.S. No. 1—Underpants. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide. No. 2—Trunks. Requires 1½yds. 36in. wide. No. 3—Undershirt. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide.

Needlework Notions

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Traced clearly on a white rayon crepe-de-chine is this pretty three-piece set consisting of frock, bonnet, and bib. Each piece is stamped with motif for embroidery, and scalloping makes an attractive finish.

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Please ask for No. 450.

F822



DAINTY BED JACKET

With design traced on a hard-wearing rayon crepe-de-chine in attractive pastel shades of pink, blue, and also white, this bed jacket is available all ready to embroider, cut out, and stitch.

The design is plain but unusual, with the self-frilling on front and sleeves. It is hip-length and the sleeves are three-quarter bracelet type.

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Escapade

THE THOROUGHbred OF LIPSTICKS



There Comes a Time

Continued from page 2

"It's not non-sense," Dick said stubbornly. "And I'm not judging altogether by one woman."

She forced herself to look at him coolly. At his thin face still faintly brown from the eastern sun, his gay blue eyes and a mouth that tempered purpose with humor. Yes, women would have found him attractive, lots of women.

"There's nothing in your world that could ever be as important to you as your painting, is there?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said steadily.

"I suppose that's why I can talk to you almost like another man," he remarked.

"I suppose so," Nan said. And raised that it was her epitaph.

"Anyone can live through a week," she told herself. Only a week, and she had finished her drawings. Then she would run away, as she had run away once before, and she'd forget all about Dick Trevor.

So she steeled herself to endure that last week. But she wasn't prepared for Sue.

Sue came on Thursday. She was Mrs. Hewlett's sister. She had wavy golden hair and big blue eyes and a faintly wistful mouth. And she was sweet and worldly and beautifully dressed.

She cocked her eyes in Dick's direction at once. She would, Nan thought. But surely he couldn't be such a fool?

But he was.

They all dined at the hotel one evening. There was dancing afterwards, and Dick had brought another fellow along—for Sue, Nan had supposed. But it didn't work out that way.

Sue wanted Dick. She danced with him and talked to him almost exclusively, staring up at him with those wide and wistful eyes.

"No accounting for folly," Nan thought grimly. "I suppose she's like the love of his youth."

"And I expect to be called up any

minute," Sue was saying. "Imagine me in one of those caps! And what about you?"

"Me?" Nan said. "Oh, I'm exempt."

"You aren't over thirty?"

"Not quite—"

"She's doing a nice job of propaganda," Dick interrupted. "Be humble, Sue; she's a great artist. And wedded to her art, as they say."

"How sweet!" said Sue.

Nan went home early. There are limits to what anyone can stand.

"I thought we'd take a picnic up the river to-morrow," Dick said, as she was leaving. "I've a free day. Will you come?"

"Thank you very much."

"Aren't you going to see Nan home?" Sue inquired.

"She won't let me. She says she can look after herself."

There was mockery in his tone, and Nan could have slain him. But she was going away soon, so what did anything matter?

The punt had been hired for eleven. At ten o'clock Sue left the house to call on a friend on her way down to the river. At ten-thirty Nan went into the kitchen to collect her sandwiches, and found Mrs. Hewlett clinging to the edge of the table, and looking very white.

"What's the matter?" Nan asked swiftly.

"The heat, I suppose, and having been up in the night with baby."

"And overwork," Nan added.

"Look here—you go to bed. I'll cook lunch."

"Norah will do that. But I can't go to bed. It's her afternoon off and there's no one to see to the children," Mrs. Hewlett explained in a faint voice.

"Where's Captain Hewlett?" Nan asked.

"On duty. Poor darling—he nearly always is when there's a domestic crisis."

"Lucky man! But, anyhow, you go to bed. I'll cope."

"I can't—you couldn't—"

"Come along," Nan said firmly. "It isn't going to help anyone if you go off in a faint on the kitchen floor." She got Mrs. Hewlett to bed. She set Norah to work on the lunch. Then she went into the garden and disentangled the children from a quantity of forbidden garden tools in the potting-shed.

At half-past one Norah departed.

Nan watched her go with a sinking heart.

Somehow, she got through the afternoon. The children cried a good deal and grew dirtier and dirtier. Since any attempt to clean them up only precipitated another outburst of sorrow she gave it up. She supposed she ought to have taken them for a walk or something, but she always hated scenes in public.

At four o'clock she began to prepare tea. It seemed to take a very long time to get things ready. As soon as she turned her back the children bolted into the coal-shed and started to play with the coal. Finally, the baby seized the butter dish and turned it upside down on the floor.

"You little beast!" Nan said. She plumped the child down on a chair and began to scoop up the butter. Dirt or no dirt, one couldn't waste butter.

A shadow fell across the door then and Dick Trevor's voice said: "Heavens!"

"Exactly," Nan agreed. "What's happened to your picnic?"

"We waited for you and then we had to start because the boatman wanted the punt out of the way. The others are still up the river. I came back to see what had happened to you."

She told him. And added: "For pity's sake finish the bread-and-butter and make the tea. I'll scrape some of the dirt off those imps."

Both Dick and Nan were limp and exhausted by the time they finally got the children to bed. Mrs. Hewlett was still asleep. They went downstairs where the untidy remains of tea faced them, and then suddenly Nan burst into tears.

"How right I was," Dick said slowly.

"Right?" she sobbed.

"Yes. Right not to ask you to condemn yourself to this. I knew what it meant, you see. My mother followed the regiment for most of her married life, and had four children on the way. It's better to be free, Nan, don't you think?"

Nan sniffed. "You silly!" she said. "Why do you think I'm crying?"

"Because you're worn out with a day's domestic drudgery."

"Oh, it's not that! Nothing like that! I'm crying because—it's over."

"The day?" he asked blankly.

"The day—and everything else."

"Do you mean," he asked, "that you aren't quite as self-sufficient as you've always seemed?"

"I'm afraid so, Dick. But don't worry—I'm leaving to-morrow. I won't cling."

He crossed the room and put his hands on her shoulders. "Look at me," he said. "Tell me the truth."

"Don't ask me!" she said wildly. "You'll be sorry if you do. It isn't your fault. It's only that—"

"It is my fault. I've been a fool, Nan. I've been in love with you almost from the start. But you put me off with your infernal independence."

"You told me that was what you liked about me. You warned me off—"

"I know, I know," he interrupted. "But I was afraid, you see. One woman nearly wrecked my life years ago, and I didn't want to risk it again. But there comes a time when you've got to risk it. It would be silly to say I can't live without you—I could, of course—but it would be horribly difficult."

"Oh, Dick," she said weakly. "Dick darling!"

"And what about your work? What about the career you've made at such a cost? How are you going to reconcile that with marriage?" he inquired.

Then, once again, he saw her face transfigured, almost beautiful.

"There comes a time when you've got to risk it," she said, echoing his words. "And I can manage, somehow. I know I can. I think if you're married to the right man you can manage anything."

"But what about Sue?" she asked presently.

Dick looked a little ashamed.

"Sue?" he said. "Oh, well—you see—I didn't seem to be making much headway with you. And strategy's my special line. I thought perhaps jealousy—I'd tried everything else."

"Next time," Nan said, "try the truth."

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Miss Precious Minutes says:

DON'T despair when you notice that fatal shininess appearing on your dark woollen frocks. Rub gently with a fine wire brush (or a rubber one if you're lucky enough to own one). In case of navy-blue or black fabrics, it's a good plan to sponge gently after the rubbing with a little ammonia and water, and press over a damp cloth.

HERE'S a time saver. Attach dress preservers to armholes by small rustless safety-pins. Much quicker than stitching them, and easier to remove for necessary frequent washing.

YOUR young hopeful loves beet-root, but his eager hands often spill the juice on the clean tablecloth. Next time it happens, soak a piece of white bread in water and lay it over the stain at once. The bread will draw off the color and banish your frown.

MAYBE you've a felt hat which just can't face up to remodeling. Cut strips from it for insoles for your shoes which are wearing thin.

SEE that half-pound of butter gives you its full value. Before unwrapping it, hold it under cold water tap for a few seconds. The paper will then come cleanly away without any butter sticking to it.

KEEP your raincoat on a coat-hanger, in a dark, cool, dry place. After rain, never dry in the sun. If it doesn't rain in your district, shake the coat occasionally.

TO boil cracked eggs: Wrap in tissue paper and start in cold water to which salt is added.



GOOD GROOMING. Marie McDonald, young Paramount actress, believes tidiness is one of the first steps toward good grooming. She not only brushes the shoulders of her frock following application of make-up, but carries a tiny clothes-brush in her purse for further neatness.

HAVE your dress-hangers handy on ironing day; the ironed dresses can immediately be put on the hangers and hung up.

THAT last sultry night took you into the garden for a breather, but the result was a grass stain on your cool frock. Try sponging gently with methylated spirit, and next time take a rug with you, or some sheets of clean brown paper.



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The 1939 models were the last Hotpoint Refrigerators made for the "duration". You know the story well enough — it was gone before the needs of homes. But to those who have enquired so often for Hotpoint Electric Refrigerators, let us say that research men have found new materials and evolved new manufacturing methods — many the offshoots of wartime inventions. When it becomes possible to resume manufacture, you may expect that Hotpoint will offer you the best that money can buy.



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